

CAVALCADE

MAY, 1955

1/6



WHY MEN LOSE
VIRILITY

—Page 74



"Happy Motoring"
... starts with your
Atlantic Retailer

Modern engineering can give you the best of care, but you alone can make it yield top efficiency and years of trouble-free service. Right from the start link up with your Atlantic Refiner for complete car care, personalized service and experienced guidance. His skill is backed by real quality products—products that have been developed by the world's oldest and largest refinery—products on which you know you can rely.

Happy, relaxing and efficient car maintenance starts at your Atlantic Retailer—and it thrives there. So swing over to Atlantic tomorrow!

The logo for Atlantic Records, featuring the word "ATLANTIC" in a bold, serif font inside an oval border. Above the oval is the word "ATLANTIC" in a smaller, stylized font, and below it is "RECORDS". The entire logo is set against a dark background with decorative arrowheads pointing towards the center from both sides.

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CAVALCADE

JAN. 1955 VOL. 31, NO. 1

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KNOW YOURSELF

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However, as you can see, the *multiple* *series* that resulted are *not* the

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The lure of the

long-legged lovelies

From Flo Ziegfeld to underworld Mackay Roarty, men have found a special appeal in long legs, though tall girls seem to think they are at a disadvantage.

PETER ANDERSON

THE super long-legged has sometimes felt that her height is against her. Sometimes her tall friends express their sympathy as if her height is really an affliction—maybe they have just noted with envy the number of male eyes that measure the leggy length of the lady tall girl's legs.

For other girls statistics being equal, the long-legged lovelies have had and shoulders above her pals—friends in performances as well as physical stature.

It's a little ironic that the shorter girls who are sorry for their taller sister, express their sympathy while they're wearing high-heeled shoes to add inches to their own inadequate height.

Why? Because the tall girl with the good figure has extra stilted. Long strides do as much for a girl that even in leaping with grace seek to emphasize leg-length, either by wearing high-heeled shoes with the bottoms or standing on tiptoe to be photographed, trying artificially to make these legs look longer than they are.

Three of Billy Rose's Long-legged beauties prepare for their floor shows



And as for the legend that men don't go for girls taller than themselves, look at the classic example of Mickey Rooney, who has been married to four girls all taller than himself! Of course, as Rooney is only 5 ft. 11 inches, it might be said that he would find it difficult to marry a girl shorter than himself, but his succession of wives, Ava Gardner, Betty Jane Rau, Martha Tipton, and now-handled Rosalie Moshman, have all been at least six inches taller than Rooney; and to offset the fact that they married him for the pleasure of his sexual prowess, at least two of them have been as famous as Rooney himself, even without his bookend as spouse.

Even so, dishes as lush as Ava Gardner and Martha Tipton would find that they are too short to satisfy the exacting demands of veterans. Engine-humdrum show man Sam Goldwyn, who is a pretty successful fellow in show business, and who lays it down that five-feet is his typewriter is the measure he ought for his girls.

But that is only a basic requirement. Sam takes them of five-foot, and builds them up with stiletto heel platform soles and high heels, adding impossibly to an already ample altitude.

Sam himself is shorter than the showgirls he has made famous; and he is not over-awed by their elevated elegance. He's been photographed with hundreds of them, and he knows very well that every new proof of their leg length is added incentive to the customers to take an interest.

Sam firmly believes this show business chart, but he probably was not the originator of it. Flo Ziegfeld operated on the same principle with his famous Ziegfeld Follies Company, and he put it down in words of

one syllable: "The longer their legs the better the public likes them," he said.

He never forgot that he was a member of the public in this respect, not even when he married, for twice he married the long-legged ladies of his own show line. One of them was Anna Held and the other Edith Boulton, both recorded as running beauties in their day. Both of the beauties could, literally, look down on their husband.

Dozens of the long-legged girls Ziegfeld popularized used their lengthy limbs well in climbing the ladder of success, and all appeared to have found the going easier than their shorter-limbed competitors.

Shortly a week goes by without a beauty contest in some part of the world, and it is always the girl with the long legs who wins. Judges do the short girl enter, as she knows that, no matter how beautiful her face and figure, no matter how charming or intelligent she may be, she cannot cope with her tall rivals in the eyes of the judges.

Winners of such contests are soon dug fast, seven inches to five feet, ten. Sometimes the girls over six feet win.

There are short girls who do photographic work, but, except for occasional shots specifically calling for the short girl to model, wearing apparel, the camera is always angled to make the girl appear taller, particularly making the legs seem long.

Gypsy Rose Lee, Sally Rand and other strip-teasers, fan-dancers and their kind, are all tall girls. Maybe it is because the men like to see a lot of girl. They prefer to see a leg or two than a short one.

There are short film actresses, but they do not play roles of delicate

young ladies, nor do you see shots of them in swimming suits, unless the camera is at a distance. The camera can take the size of an object, but where a leading lady is called to play a scene in a swimming suit, unless she is tall and leggy, that shot is a long-range one, or she is on her own, whereby the camera angle can elongate her figure.

Naturally, the call for long-legged ladies on the screen, calls out the short man for leading romantic roles. There are men of six feet, three and taller playing leads in romantic films. There are short men in Hollywood, but, when cast opposite tall girls, they wear platform soles in close-ups and the camera is angled for long shots, so that the male lead does not appear

shorter than his leading lady. Hollywood requires that the female star be tall to lean her head on the nicely shaped neck of her co-star without breaking her knees.

Billy Rose is dividend-queen in his elevator shows, a little guy. But he demonstrated through his long business life that long-limbed beauties are ideal for everything from business through to marriage.

Billy Rose is twice married and survived times a millionaire. He was a producer at the famed New York shows who climbed to fortune by cashing in on charm and appeal of tall girls. He seemed to be just patterning them the advertisement because until he hit on **BILLY ROSE'S LONG-ARMED BEAUTIES**—and long-limbed they were, and the cashmere worn out

Peggy Phillips, of Polan Bergers, relaxes in her dressing room



the belt on the cash register) to sell the longer stems.

The tall paleontologist paper who was one-time American champion swimmer and whose Bill (nicknamed in 1958, "Elmer the Hulm," was happy with his down-off bushes for twelve long years. But in the long run she taught off what became known as the Second Battle of the House when in 1961 she brought a series of charges against him.

After weeks of strenuous argument, all of which was faithfully printed in the world's press, Elmer won a divorce and a more than handsome settlement from Bill.

Billy, since, has kept out of the public eye, but his bush nights still. The Command Performance, still famous, its major stock in trade being showgirls who are six feet tall and who wear nothing but a tastefully draped feather.

Billy and Shirley Rooney share the misfortune that tall girls cost them a lot of money (\$800 hundred over 100,000 dollars worth of suits to six-foot-one-and-a-half-inch Betty Jean) but on the other hand, as far as Billy is concerned, at any rate, he has made more money out of the big girls than they'll ever make out of me. Recently, following the Goldwyns and Siegfried tradition, he has found that big girls are a never-filling drawcard.

The fashion critics have realized it for a long time, so have the Varlets of this world—they have steadily drawn girls whose legs are lost out of proportion with real life—and their girls have become a modern ideal of beauty.

But let us not run away with the idea that long-legged broads have only been appreciated of late. Cleopatra, legend alleges, was the proud possessor of long and luscious legs. But both Mark Anthony and

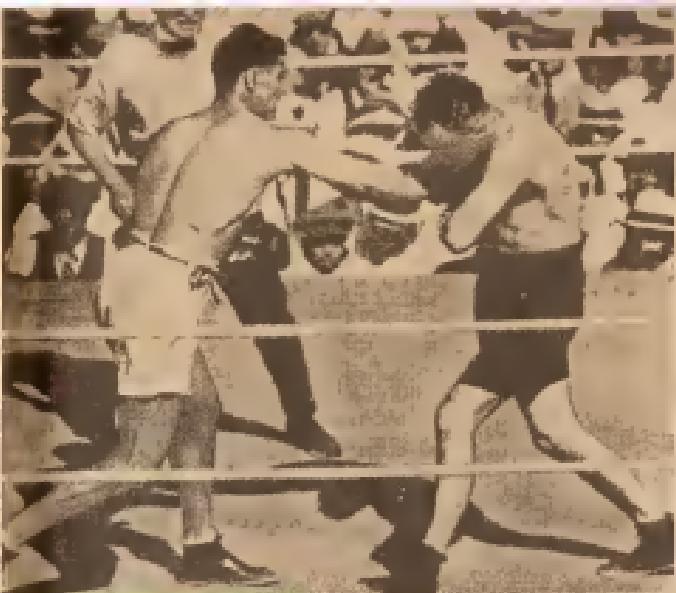
Julius Caesar, both of whom met with considerable success to her as Cleopatra were convinced, were inclined to be skeptics.

Coming closer to modern times here's a look at Emma Hamilton, a famous dame of history. She was, among the metred Hamilton, an artist's model—and she was a notable beauty, partly because she had the necessary length of leg to top off her other charms. It is legendary that she held the famous Nelson under her spell—but legend sometimes fails to record that she towered above him. It didn't worry Horatio, and it didn't worry her, but you could legitimately check it up for another victory for the long-legged girl.

Napoleon had, physically, to look up to his Josephine, who again was one of the long-legged beauties of her day, and there is no shortage of top-line ladies who owe their spectacular success to the length of their legs.

Why? Nobody has answered that. But the legs do a double job in certain popular situations. One of them is that a man likes a woman shorter than himself, another is that a woman likes a man taller than herself, and still another is that the long-legged girl, towered over her daily tasks, is at a disadvantage.

Long-legged girls—fashions tries to make you more or less fashion could tell you that your dissatisfaction was shared by Cleopatra and Josephine, by the wives of millionaires and the beauties that have been the toast of nations. If your long legs aren't taking you for it isn't because of the legs—you are being held back by something altogether different. And that is your problem. Your legs certainly are not



The fight that broke the banks

RAY MITCHELL

When Jack Dempsey defended his world title against Tommy Gibbons at Shirley, Montana, the fight broke the banks and raised the town.

FEW people remember Sam Sampson these days, but Sam had his hour of glory back in 1923—his hour of glory, and a lifetime of regret.

Although few people remember Sam, any fight fan can tell you about a western back town named Shirley, in Montana. For it was in Shirley that Sam Sampson had a brainwave to put his town on the map.

It was the boosters that turned out a tidal wave of drama, and the town broke, and almost wiped Shelly off the map.

Sam was a storekeeper. He had money enough to live comfortably in Shelly, a town of 300 inhabitants. Sam had civic pride too, he thought Shelly was a town of the future. It was just a spark of which nobody had heard, it had to be put on the map property.

Which was the quickest way to do that? A fight for the world heavyweight championship. If Jack Dempsey would fight there, visitors would come from miles. Shelly would be famous.

Sam contacted Mike Collins, a Milwaukee newspaperman and business promoter, and asked for Dempsey to fight in Shelly against Tommy Gibbons, a leading contender. Collins told him he had to choose unless he could produce \$10,000.

Simpson talked it over with Collins and the Mayor of Shelly. They approached a man named Zimmerman, a big landowner, to put up the money. Zimmerman laughed. They called a mass meeting of the town. Collins told the people what money was needed for the venture, and who would be paid in a few minutes.

In eight days, \$20,000 had been raised and placed in a bank. Dempsey's manager, Jack Keerna, was asked his terms. Keerna wanted \$10,000. Eddie Kane, manager of Gibbons, was asked what he wanted—\$10,000 or 50 per cent of the gate after Dempsey got his \$20,000. Kane took a gamble and accepted the percentage.

In three weeks an arena was built, it held 8,000 spectators. It was not paid for, as the fund money was exclusively set aside for Dempsey. Shelly people worked hard and

contributed every penny they could spare to get the fight for Independence Day.

Jack Keerna already guessed that the money would be difficult to get, and demanded the \$20,000 in advance.

Frank resigned in Shelly. Frank Walker, head of a copper mining company (later U.S. Postmaster-General) was sent to talk with Keerna. He told Keerna and Dan McKittrick, who had lined himself alongside Keerna, that it was impossible for Shelly citizens to raise \$20,000 by July 4. He offered \$10,000 on the spot and the rest to be paid after the fight. He pointed out that so many people would attend that they must make a profit.

Keerna and McKittrick proposed that the whole promotion be turned over to them, plus all the money which so far had been collected. Walker had no alternative but to accept.

The night of the fight saw a good crowd, but there were less less than Shelly had anticipated. The box-office held about \$12,000. This more, plus the amount given to Keerna before the fight, amounted to just \$20,000—Dempsey's guarantee.

It was not a great fight. As a spectacle, it was just fair. Dempsey won it on points. Gibbons got nearly nothing but bristles for his effort.

The citizens of Shelly were more than indignant, they felt they had been gyped. Keerna, Dempsey and McKittrick could not book in at a hotel, they slept in a basement beneath a shop, and an armed guard stood outside while they slept—of they did sleep.

At dawn next morning the trio, accompanied by the Sheriff and his deputies, made their way to the

railway where they paid about \$100 for a special one-car train to transport them to Salt Lake City.

Dempsey did well. He got \$20,000 and another win in his record. Keerna did well on his percentage of Dempsey's earnings.

Gibbons gained useful experience.

But Shelly? Three banks failed, the citizens went bankrupt, the town never regained its small prosperity.

The reported boom which was to put Shelly on the map exploded the town almost out of existence.



"Oh boy! Now we can play spin the bottle!"



WHERE WOMEN are getting WORSE

It has been a saying that the female of the species is worse than the male. Today this is being borne out.

JAMES HOLLOWAY

PROBABLY the most urgent social

problem in the United States is the startling increase of crimes committed by women.

At least a dozen states now women's goals are being constructed because the old ones are bursting their seams as criminal convictions of women soar.

The U.S. Department of Justice says about eight out of every 100 arrests of men are for murder or assault. One of every 100 women arrested, however, are charged with murder or assault.

Over the last few years, all crimes of violence committed by females have increased by from seven to ten per cent each year. There have been more murders committed by women in the United States in the last few years than by men.

Women everywhere commit crimes, but of more gentle varieties—shoplifting, wallet lifting, swindling, blackmailing and the various rackets. In the United States females become bank robbers

Millions were horrified at the bad news female law-enforcement, but they were isolated cases, so unusual that they shocked.

Before World War II America 1920s by the exploits of the infamous "Ma" Barker, and tough, cigar-smoking Bonnie Parker. Both women "got away" from the gaze of the law.

They were exceptions then. The original "gun molls" often carried guns and consorted with criminals. But they didn't kill. What they did, they did for men—sons, brothers, husbands, lovers. Some of the present crop of female hellions commit a larger proportion of violent crimes than men. And not for their men, but on their own initiative.

The situation is one big headache, bandit, hijacker and killer.

This is Tom Jo, she shot a man in cold blood after she had stolen even the clothes in which he stood. She is on her way to the electric chair.



task for the nation's law enforcement officers. They say the women they beat are more dangerous criminals of society than men.

J. Edgar Hoover, the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, says: "Many of today's worst criminals are desperadoes, possessing no feelings of mercy, justice and respect and motivated by sheer greed, cruelty and ruthlessness."

Nothing can deter these women from crime. They employ children as accomplices.

A woman—wife and comedy in spots of slightly groping her—pulled up her modest car outside a bank in a small Connecticut town.

With her in the car were her 16-year-old son, her 14-year-old daughter and a youthful friend of the son.

At about two o'clock, the car stopped, and the mother stayed in it while the three youngsters entered the bank. The girl was the

lender. She went to a counter, took a deposit slip and wrote on it. She went to the teller. Her brother and his friend blanked her on either side, a piece of two behind.

The teller read the slip—"Give me everything in the safe. This is a hold-up and two men have you covered."

The teller was taking no chances. He thrust bundles of notes at the girl. She put them in her bagbag, thanked him, and marched toward the door.

The teller's feet stamped on an alarm bell. The youthful robbers ran. The two boys, gone in head now, sprayed the office with bullets.

They wounded a bank guard in the throat and a teller in the shoulder. Both recovered, and the robbers when caught escaped a murder charge. Mother was the mastermind of a gang made up of her own children.

For her venture into violence that woman went to prison for 15 years. The children were freed on probation.

A mother of six in New York State left her husband and two of her sons in hold-ups and robberies. There has come to an end at a small town, where a shopkeeper, who was not the bank, leased his shop regular trials, and came into the shop to find four robbers at work. They fled with the contents of the leased shop robbery. The shopkeeper grabbed his gun and took cover and, and one of the robbers fell with a bullet in the back. It was the mother, disguised as a man. She died on the way to hospital.

A prospective 34-year-old bank robber in New York not long ago tried to slither behind her 14-year-old daughter. One afternoon she walked into a suburban bank, kept a half-concealed 38 pointed squarely at the teller's middle. The note demanded \$100 dollars or else.

She got the money but was followed to the street by the manager when she walked suddenly out. He disabled her with a shot from between the eyes. Police pursued her.

The woman recovered and it was found that her "hold-up" weapon had been a toy. She excused sympathy by telling explanations that she did it for her baby daughter, who needed an urgent operation. In court she admitted that her daughter was in good health and served her by her husband, whom she had deserted. Actually she wanted the \$100 dollars as down payment on a car for a 35-year-old Lethbridge with whom she was infatuated.

For unadulterated verbiage there have been few to match the attractive, thirty-year-old woman who last year was caught in a variation of the old border game. The method

was to enter a bar, engage a loosely made in conversation and "hook" him into taking her for a ride in his car. Her male accomplice, quickly followed the couple.

While "pinned" her hoodlum partner would interrupt. They made a workmanlike job of robbing the victim. The climax came one evening when her victim would not stop at the rendezvous the couple

In a panic the woman produced a .38 revolver and put a bullet through the man's head.

Out of control, the car careered down an embankment and hit a tree. Later a police patrol car arrived. The woman, gun still in hand, was riding the pockets of the man she had killed.

At her trial for murder (for which she was convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment) the jury was told that she had deserted her four children, all under ten.

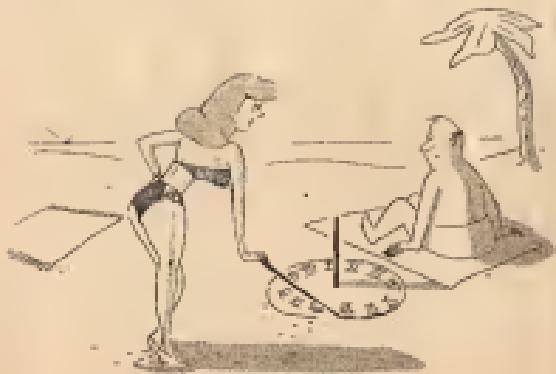
She admitted that her motive for the robbery and violence was not the money. "We did it for thrill," she said.

Psychologists and psychiatrists all over the United States are still trying to figure out the cause of the general increase in female crime.

The increase in the proportion of women in the United States population in recent years, and the fact that there are not enough men to go round, has been blamed.

One psychiatrist, after studying the case histories of 4000 women criminals, for the U.S. Department of Justice, reported: "Normal sex outlets being denied to so large and increasing a number of women undoubtedly contributes toward the problem of crime among females."

He added that it was "most disconcerting" to find so many women crooks. Which gets our Vote as the unadulterated of the year.



"There you are class. Now stop coming over every ten minutes and asking the same."

They say black is for dancing, but it is
black stockings that captivate—when it is
an attractive dancer. The blonde Marlene,
beautiful French actress who stars in Paramount's
"Song of the South," and the soft weight
of these mesh stockings, a simple and



Black Mesh Stockings



black stockings
are for dancing
when it is
an attractive
dancer. The
soft weight
of these mesh
stockings, an
attractive look.



Black is not only for detection purposes, nor much stockings to stop the legs. *Media Philips*, denting and dentures, like the costumes for "soft" dances. *Media* has been included in *Playboy's* "D.O.A." "God in High Heels" and "Champagne for Cancer".



and if you ever catch that party, there is "The French line," in which *bonbons* always *parisien*. In this event, a *model* *and* *model* we hold, a *bonbon* *parisien* *bonbon* *bonbon* *bonbon*.

TIME PAYMENT

After being robbed of \$10,000 lire, Mrs. Gazzano Cervati, of Camerino, Italy, received a letter and \$800 lire. It was from the thief. The letter, unanswered, read: "It is I who stole your purse. Be assured you will get your money back. I will send you \$800 lire monthly."

DRUNK ON DUTY

Deputy Sheriff Volney Rubin Herter, of Fort Worth, Texas, was assigned to take a prisoner from Arizona. When he did not arrive on schedule, a search was made. Deputy sheriff and prisoner were found, handcuffed together. The lawman was dead drunk, slumped over a knock-out counter. The prisoner was sober and sitting patiently waiting for the deputy sheriff to recover.

BY JEVES!

Robert Graham, of Buxton, Lancashire, England, had a bright way of stealing luggage. He would buy a platform ticket and walk around the platform, looking at the luggage. He would note the name and address on expensive-looking luggage, and his destination. Then he would travel on the same

train and to the same destination. Arriving there, he would book into a good hotel. Next day he would dress like a valet, call at the station with a note written on the hotel paper. "Please hand my luggage to my valet," signed with a forgery of the owner's name. He got away with it for a long time, collecting \$8表面 in one month, but he was caught. At the moment he is serving six months in jail.

UNLUCKY

Burglar Robert John broke into an office in Milwaukee, U.S.A., but he met with bad luck. He sprained his ankle breaking in, then cut his wrist breaking a glass door. Coming to the conclusion it was not his lucky night, John had to telephone for help. Who did he phone? The police.

GRAVE CHARGE

Edward Burns of New York, was killed before earth on a grave charge. It appears that he stole a 100 pound bombshell from a cemetery near Binghampton, New York, and placed it on the grave of his step-grandmother in Newark, New Jersey. Burns was fined \$50 dollars.

A match for firebugs

Firebugs avoid Chicago these days because of a detective book who has put 100 firebugs behind bars. Grady and Brown have arrested the most fire-

At THE LONG HOME played on the warehouse, an explosion on the roof trying to break through the shingles, suddenly began to smolder. They could feel the building crawl way. The boys below ran the ladders and circled about the leap sets, but it was too late for two of the men on the roof.

The two died in hospital and four others were out temporarily with smoke poisoning and third-degree burns. The insurance company put the total loss of property at \$100,000 dollars.



A firebug made this unusual *explosive* setting a blaze.

Less than a week later a big grating plant a block away went up in flames. Three days later a toy vending company nearby suffered \$2,000 dollar damage. The man responsible was a firebug—a pyromaniac—of the kind who has taken a toll of millions of lives and billions of pounds in property.

This character was a man who had been failing in his examinations to become a foreman. His theory was that if he could start enough fires and show how brave he was helping the fire department, someone would appoint him a member. Detective Frank Grady and Drew Brown caught the man. They nabbed him by psychology and hard work, which for 18 years has made them a famous team of the Chicago Police Department.

In the case above, the detectives worked with the crew of the fire, studying the fuses. They watched for expressions of joy. They questioned their man at the second fire, but they had to be sure. At this fire, the man broke through the police line and tried to give advice to the fire chief. To test the man, Grady and Brown patted his efforts and listened to him talk.

Grady, examining the man the next day, thought he could smell kerosene. At the next fire he smelled kerosene on the hair of the suspect. They took him away. He confessed and is now serving ten years in jail.

The Grady-Brown team has arrested pyromaniacs to about two percent of what it was 20 years ago. They are credited with putting over 300 fires out before they or in some ways escape.

One day Grady arrived in a hallway where a grain elevator was about to set a fire. There had been a series of conflagrations in the same district, all set under-

neath the staircases. In each case a person had been stolen, filled with combustibles and lit. Grady saw the man wheeling a person without a body in it. He followed him. The man noticed him and waited in the darkened hallway.

As Grady walked in, the man raising a hammer. Grady felt Brown, afraid that Grady might run into danger, had trailed his partner for two days. He arrived on the spot as the biter was about to kill for the third time.

"Drew knocked him out," Grady says. "Both the man and I were taken to hospital."

One time Grady followed a divorced man. "There had been a series of fires in one house. We couldn't figure it out. The people had little insurance on the house. We found that the divorced husband had blamed the parents for his marital breakup. He said that anyone who breaks up a marriage should burn in hell."

"Frank and I talked the guy. He crept into a backyard, crawled under a porch and went to work. I crawled in after him. The nut pulled a piece of gasoline soaked in oil into my face. Frank came running and grabbed the guy."

One case concerned a lady who supplied the oxygen to the famous Will call her Rose Brown. Rose was lost and ill. She lived an expensive ledger. She had many visitors, ranging from a small-town banker to a married engineer. To each Rose pleaded poverty and disability, spoke about her ill mother and kept promising they showered her with clothes, money, her convalescence and syphilis disease. Rose accepted them all and lived dangerously by putting off one to make room for another.

One night Rose came home with a boy friend, picked him up the

street and was about to go inside when she noticed a festive figure in the bushes. She ran to her room. It was an oil leak in the garage.

One time Grady was a being of human form through her window on the second floor. Seven people were shocked by smoke or otherwise fled by leaping onto the pavement.

Brown asked Rose, "Why should anyone throw a bottle of fire through your window?"

Rose and all her boy friends were jealous of each other. The detective examined her address book and copied down 70 names. For three weeks they checked the list. Grady came up with a Tom B. Tom was a drunkard and there was a barrel of bananas in the office. Grady also discovered that Tom had been dumped by Rose.

Tom confessed and did two years.

During a period of nine months there were eleven fires at Dearborn Hotel in Chicago. Grady and Brown were assigned to the case after the third fire.

They took up residence in the hotel, occupying separate floors. They got to know all the employees. The detective became suspicious of a girl lift driver, when, at the eighth fire, she asked emphatically, "Where's that big, beautiful redheaded Irish fireman?" At the first fire, which started suddenly the Irishman had attracted her attention. To get him to return, she had started the other three. She received a year in jail, with parole and fire treatment.

There was another case where within two weeks six fires were set in the area. All business buildings. There was nothing suspicious. The fires had done little damage.

Grady and Brown discovered that a private detective was working for 17 fires in the area, starting 10 dol-

SOME SENSE THERE

They were two cats discussing a friend.
They did not pull their punches,
Pulling her open was the trend—

Gracious come in bunches
"I would not say that she is done—

Or more dead than alive,
But she must have a path—

There's no sign of the other fire!"

—AH-BM.

lars from each. After questioning the private eye broke down, confessing that he was afraid of losing his clients unless they were given something to be afraid of. He was given two years.

On the north side of Chicago a firebug was at large in the tenements. Within three weeks in an area of seven blocks, 16 persons had perished. Grady found that the only place open late at night was a beer bar. Whenever there was a fire, the bar was crowded, as neighbours gathered to discuss it. At other times the bar was practically empty. Grady also noticed that the fires always started at 11 pm, just when trade ordinarily began to slacken.

One night at 11, Brown noticed that an old man entered the bar, picked up a bottle and began to sweep. "That's my porter," the owner said. Soon the bar began to fill with people.

The detectives talked with the old man. He responded. He said he was worried about his job. He had noticed after the first fire, which

he did not steal, that the bar filled with customers. So he began to set fire's "to get people out and drinking." He was circumfused to an insane system.

The most destructive case the two detectives worked out involved an arsonist who set 12 fires, resulting in a loss of \$6,000 and 300 injured. After weeks of investigation, the detectives decided the arsonist was revenge.

The culprit was a 12-year-old boy who had been accused of stealing a bottle of milk. The accusation survived him that he resolved to "get even" by setting fires.

At all times the job of Gandy and Brown holds an element of risk to the detectives. Sometimes the danger is real and each has had his life saved by the other.



"You can come out now, dear. It was only the cat."

It is when the pyromaniac is cornered in the act of setting fire to a building that the dangerous element to the detectives is fully exposed. The firebug has worked himself up to the point where he must succeed and nothing will stop him from lighting the fire.

Gandy and Brown say that age or rather, lack of it, is the greatest cause of pyromania. "People who feel little made, or have been made to feel little, plan big revenge." Pyromania is the only sharp corner a crime against which there is little defense. It can be done crudely and quickly. It can do more damage than an army."

Brown and Gandy are being modest. Firebugs are learning to stay away from Chicago. For there they have met their match.

Guilty—of defending his Wife!

PETER HARRGRAVES



It was almost the perfect crime, but one mistake brought the criminal to justice—in defending his wife, he did not kill the gunman.

HAPPY Ethel Whitaker sat with her husband in Los Angeles' famed Cocoanut Grove, among the great and the rich of Hollywood. She had to bear the expense from her own small earnings but Ethel Whitaker did not mind that.

She was proud of her distinguished-looking husband Sam Whitaker was a fine figure of a man in her eyes. After 12 years of married life with him the difference in their ages was becoming more apparent, but she still loved him.

She was 20 when she married

hus, and he was 42. He earned a good salary as a theatre organist in those days.

But Sam at 60 had not worked for five years. A paralytic stroke had left him hopping and walking with a stick. Ethel's income as a dentist now beat them.

The Whittakers left the Chrysanthemum Grove at 11:30. Ethel had to get up in the morning for work. At 4:45 a.m. on Tuesday, March 17, 1936, they entered their apartment in the Palms Hotel.

Ethel Whittaker watched on the left. The door of a clothes closet stood open. A man stepped out, his face masked. A gun in his hand pointed at the couple. He demanded to know how much money they had. Sam Whittaker pointed his finger then his with his hands were raised. "We'll give you everything we have, but for God's sake don't shoot," he said.

His wife produced some money from her purse. The gunman made no move to take it. He turned to Sam, said, "How much money have you got?" His voice was beginning to tremble.

"We'll give you all we've got," said Whittaker again. "Now!" His hand reached into his pocket as if for his wallet. Instead it came out with a .38. He and the hold-up man faced together.

The intruder shot but Mrs. Whittaker in the chest. She screamed. Her husband and the robber faced at each other.

The intruder leaped for the door Whittaker running fast after him. He sprawled down. The corridor Someons was standing at the lift. "Get out of my way," snarled the bandit. He darted for a staircase leading to the roof.

Guests ran to the Whittaker apartment. Police came. Sam started dead and still held the new

empty gun. He knelt by the body of his wife, sobbing when, in a few moments, she died.

Sam Whittaker described the robber-killer as a Mexican or Filipino wearing a dark suit, white shirt, red bandana, mask, and gloves. The guest at the lift gave a different description. The man were no mask. "He's a young American," the man declared, "taller than and thin."

Police threw a cordon round the block. A detailed search of the hotel was made. The fugitive could have passed from the hotel roof to the roof of the next building, the Park Vista Hotel.

The booking clerk at the Park Vista had seen nobody of the bandit's description come through the lobby.

Every room was searched. In one a young man—call white-faced, nervous—was verified as a guest registered under the name of Jack Lane.

Police "frisked" Lane but he was unarmed. His hands, however, were sticky with blood, and he had been wounded.

"I was up on the roof having a drink when some guy ran past and shot me," he explained. "I was just going out to find a doctor."

Three bullets were removed from Jack Lane's shoulder, chest, and right arm. The wounds were superficial and he left the hospital with the police.

They were convinced he was the wanted bandit although there was no gun in his room.

As soon as he saw Lane, the Palms Hotel guest who had been at the lift identified him. Sam Whittaker was sure he was not the man. Lieutenant Fred Brown and Ray Ginn, in control of the case, took all the parties to police headquarters. A handkerchief was put



"Call me up again soon . . . my old pay day."

over Lane's face and Whittaker still insisted he had never seen him before.

The police did not believe Lane's story that he had been shot as he described. They held him in the hope that he would break under further questioning and that Whittaker, who was upset and affected by shock, would later recognize him. Sam, their colleague, was permitted to leave. He showed the photograph of a doctor friend who had treated him during his illness.

"My wife was the most wonderful woman that ever lived," Whittaker said. "I don't know how I'm going to get along without her."

A search showed the prisoner's real name, Jack Lane, was an alias. He had been leading a hide life for several years since he left his Kentucky home. But he denied any connection with the death of Edsel Whittaker.

After long questioning he went to bed in the prison ward of the General Hospital at five o'clock in the morning. There was no sleep, however, for Lieutenants Brown and Giese. They spent hours searching the rooms and the cellars of both hotels, looking for the killer's gun.

Three spent .38 bullets were found in Whittaker's room, and one from Whittaker's 12. Several minute particles of cloth were found on the floor. Chemical tests proved they came from the clothing of the man who called himself Jack Lane. He had been in the apartment when he had been shot, and the pieces of cloth had been torn away by the action of Whittaker's bullet.

Lane shrugged. "The shooting is my story," he said. "You don't doubt I never killed anybody."

The police resumed the hunt for the gun.

Sam Whittaker told of the scenes

of cloth which definitely linked the suspected man with the slaying.

After viewing the prisoner again, Whittaker told the detectives they left. "You know, I think you may be right. He does look something like the man."

Brown and Giese resumed their reinterrogation of Lane. An alert and resourceful, present when Whittaker had his second look at Lane, made the fantastic claim that she saw the apparently mild-mannered husband walk at the vigil.

After three hours more probing Lane cracked. He would talk if guaranteed protection from Whittaker. He showed where he had hidden the murder gun in the pants of a uniform on a shelf under the roof of the hotel.

Lane then revealed that the ageing husband had planned his wife's killing, and had also double-crossed his accomplice by shooting her as he "falsely defended" his wife, thus killing the hired killer and appearing a hero at the same time.

Lane had met Whittaker when he begged a dime from him on a Los Angeles street. The old man gave him money and during succeeding meetings, talked him into taking part in the crime.

The affair was methodically planned. Lane entered the Palace at 12:15 from the roof of his own hotel, and went to the Whittaker apartment, which was left unlocked, and led to the closet.

He was to come out and fire his gun a couple of times—merely to make the hold-up "natural", not to kill the woman, he said. "It was to frighten her into taking better care of her jewellery."

"I was never so surprised in my life as when he started shooting," explained Lane. "I'd bought half a pint of whisky earlier in the evening. I drank most of it while I

was in the closet. Afterwards I figured I must have been drunk, and that maybe he didn't mean to shoot me."

Lane claimed that Whittaker shot first and a bullet hit Lane in the right arm, making his gun go off.

Whittaker and Lane were placed on trial together for the killing of Edsel Whittaker. The husband's motive had been \$1,000 dollars in insurance on his life.

Whittaker was "fingered" in a woman in Illinois when he had been romanced by mail and who had "left" him \$1,000 dollars. He had spent \$800 dollars of his wife's savings, which had been left to her by her father, on various love affairs.

The State accepted a plea of guilty of second degree murder on the part of the man known as Jack

Lane, who turned State's evidence and received a sentence of five years to life.

Whittaker fought the charge every path of the way. The Jury was told that one of the bullets in the dead woman had gone deep into her husband's gun, and had been fired at very close range. It could not have been an accidental shot.

Sam Whittaker was found guilty of murder. He was sentenced to life imprisonment and died in San Quentin Penitentiary during World War II. California police still class him as the most cold-blooded and callous murderer the State has had.

The only remorse was an feeling to kill Jack Lane. Had he done that had he got away with murder. As it was, his "defence" of his wife brought him a guilty verdict.





Study by Noel Hickey



Study by Noel Hickey

Why they carry guns

Maybe the decent citizens think that all other citizens are decent too. But when you're a cop you don't mix with the decent citizens.

JOHN L. MERTON

In a city cafe a man finished his cup of coffee, got up and paid for it, and walked out into evening darkness.

Drinking his coffee and paying for it he looked very much like you and me. He had a good suit on, too, a good suit with a couple of bulges the tailor didn't put there.

A plainclothes detective recognized him. He knew a good deal about some stolen jewellery that had the police puzzled right then.

The detective walked after the man, caught up with him in the street and tapped him on the shoulder. The man knew what this was all about. He took off like a hare, dodged some sidewalk, and ran. The detective ran after him.

The runaway turned round a corner, ran down a dark lane, started to climb a wall. Behind in the street light, he could see the pursuing policemen. When he got to the top of the wall he fished out one of the bulges in his coat and a revolver came loose. Sitting

up there out of reach he aimed steadily, blasted down a bullet that hit the policeman, then jumped down to the other side and ran away.

He ran because the second bulge in his coat was a parcel of the incriminating stolen jewellery, still in his possession when he was picked up later.

The detective didn't draw a gun. He didn't have a chance to get a pre-grip hold on the runaway. From the top of the wall the thief was safe. He had only one bullet for shooting that policeman. The hateful instant to kill.

A man was driving a station car. He was recognized by the police and chased. There was an exchange of shots—the runaway fired first. He hoped to get the pursuing car out of action, but he missed the car.

Police arrested a robber at Auburn, U.S.A. The citizens disliked the police, who had to enforce order with guns and batons.



The reflector of an ordinary torch can be used to light your cigarette. Placed over the tip of the cigarette so that the tip is where the bulb's filament would be, and then directed at the tip the reflector becomes a polar furnace, concentrating enough heat to light the cigarette when the smoker inhales.

and wounded the police drivers. A car parked in a quiet Sydenham street was recognized as the getaway car used by some thieves who had robbed a store there. The police started to close in; the thieves jumped into the car, started to drive away, shooting as they went.

You never remember all these incidents. You see a small paragraph about it in the paper occasionally, but you don't realize how often it happens—unless you're a cop.

Then you face the grim reality that any wanted man, any thief, and refugee, may be seized, may shoot, may kill. Then, too, you realize that the men who shoot are not fighting for their lives. Would you rather wonder than go to jail for fourteen days, knowing that the result of murder is the death penalty? Some people will answer yes—the people who are the enemies of policemen and society in general.

Because that element in the community, once loose, known as law but not of gun and beat. And because the extent of that basically lawless element is never discovered

until a crisis. That cover had been—and this is a damning indictment on the community at large—a civil major tragedy that was not accompanied by pillaging and shooting. And only too often when the police try to preserve order, open revolt breaks out.

What happened on an unnamed aisle at Shadyview, Tennessee, U.S.A., some years ago, when a riot broke out? A little township of five thousand people. The riot grew to the dimensions that killed for the Miners and the gods overthrew and buried the railroad guard tracks, set fire to the courthouse, put up a barricade in which two were killed and twenty-five wounded before the hot blood cooled.

How small the occasion needs to be to start this kind of civil strife in America was shown in a pre-war episode when it was rumoured that a negro boy, Lamo Rivers, had been beaten in a Birmingham courthouse, in Alabama. Behind the colour spot it is, tempers flared, and the allegations of a boy's being beaten caused the biggest riot seen there in 38 years. Rocks were thrown as soon as, if not before, the hot words started. Impassioned clubs were walked, and store windows were being smashed by a howling crowd. The street, in seconds, became a shambles, with a crowded fight in full progress. And while the mob fought in the street, another mob was busy—the people who naked the jagged edges of broken glass to plunge into the shop displays and pilfer the goods in the windows.

There was no question of need—the opportunity of taking something that was close at hand, with little fear of being caught, was a temptation too great for the bystanders. They ignored the lights their pitch was pillage.

The police worked hard to break up the fight, and finally succeeded. They tried to stop the pillaging, and finally succeeded in that, too. But they had a first-rate example on their hands, when the show was over, of the kind of thing that, starting from nothing, can lead to wide-spread civil commotion.

The same terrible story has been told after fire, floods, strikes and other forms of unrest, even earthquakes. In the famous San Francisco earthquake the greatest difficulty was not the damage caused by the earthquake, or even by the migration of survivors and foes which followed. The heart-rending scene was those who had escaped injury, staggering among the ruins, helping themselves to other peoples property, running systematically about with handfuls of stolen goods which they had no use for, but which they had collected like magnetics.

A story as bad was told about the aftermath of the great Chicago fire.

A particularly pathetic aspect of that tragedy was the number of women of all ages and conditions, including by female men, who figured that the disruption to the general life of the community was so bad that whatever they did could not make it worse. It is on the record that women already terrified rushed screaming from the outstirrished hands of attackers, to be caught in the arms of others who, with no thought of coming to their assistance, were willing to add their weight to attacks being attempted.

Psychiatrists may have explanations for such behavior, but the immediate need is not explanation, but action. And the only force the community knows to check these outbursts of lawlessness, whether

it is an individual act or a total rash, is the force of the police, who have to be prepared to deal with any unexpected situation.

Yet the occasions on which the police have used their firearms are rare indeed, and those who has been only as an extreme measure when all else failed.

The number of times underworld characters have driven on the police, however, is a different story, and one which makes it difficult to believe that some characters can be returned.

The eye-witness of a spectroscopic Sydney street some years ago said that he saw "police running about with their guns in their hands". He did not know the identity of the men being pursued; but the police did, and they had already been shot at and had chased the shoot-and-run criminal across half the city before they were seen "running about with guns in their hands". The eye-witness was able to be impressed and dive through the nearest open door to protection, but the police themselves had to expose to the innocent possibility of death before they arrested, at gunpoint, a gunning and vicious criminal.

A police officer said afterwards, "The feelings of the crowd seemed to be against us. I heard one man say, 'Why are they allowed to carry guns?'—meaning us. All he could see was a man who had run himself tired, being pushed reluctantly into a police car while a gun or two was in evidence. What he hadn't seen was a desperate man with a long record of violence, trying to take the lives of men who are trying to keep the community safe." Men who put themselves beyond society have to be hunted—and hunters are pretty ineffectual without guns.

a Girl on a Conquest

Ah, ladies! gone off to conquer the dog something fierce comes to entertain him. But he's looking at the object, not the girl. Just what does she'll win him over to her side? Would you need such encouragement?



The dog is man's best friend, according to those who know. This charming lass—we don't know her name—thinks that a dog should also be a girl's best friend. But the pooh is not having any female admirer—or is he just shy?

The pooh is going overboard. He had the ball in his mouth, but his eyes are on the friendly femme. And could you blame him? But we would like to know her name. But she won't tell!



The last time I combed the dog, a
bald, like one other who's with the
gentry, the girl is smiling with
genuine. The peach looks completely
subduced. What's the good of fighting
when a girl gets out of your conquest?
But, just, there's a girl, chosen not
looking but her nose.



GRATITUDE

In Kentucky, William Wiggins saw a horse being taken to the trackstand. He felt sorry for it, and, although the animal was way-backed, bony and eight years old, he bought it for 20 dollars. Wiggins named the horse General Remarqued and fed and trained it. Recently he entered it for a race and the horse repaid Wiggins by winning. The stake was worth 100 dollars.

FOURTH POLLY

Charlie Shibley, 41-year-old widower of Isle of Wight, decided to remarry and did so quietly. One day his neighbours saw a strange woman putting washing on the line, and they discovered Charlie's fourth wife. In explanation, she said: "We were good friends until one day Charlie said he would like to run away with me. I took him at his word." Charlie calls her Polly, even though her name is Hilda. "I called all my wives Polly," he said.

POLICE DOG

Three times a week, Jasper, a three-year-old Airedale who goes

policecon spends a night in the cells at Wilton, Kent, England. The only way the police can get rid of him is to lock him up. At home Jasper is quiet and well behaved, but he has a passion for the police.

DIGGING DEEP

In 1930 an oil well was drilled in Wyoming to the depth of 30,000 feet. It was unsuccessful; no oil was found. But in California, the China Oil Company had drilled deeper and is still digging. The well was started in 1931 and has cost almost two million dollars to date. The drill pipe, which weighs 100 tons, rises at a tower 120 feet high.

NO FOOLING

At Palermo, Sicily, the audience disapproved of a play a touring company presented. Not content with boos or throwing things, the crowd beat up three of the cast and kicked the leading man. The play was an Italian farce. Evidently it did not appeal to their sense of humor. The players recovered, but they have vowed never to appear in Palermo again.

Opened by mistake



SECRET KIRKLAND

A pair of alligator shoes that walked by themselves were Clifford's idea.

COME ON, NOW, he said, get hold of yourself! The lips moved, dry and silent, and his eyes closed in denial of the trick a glance at the newspaper on his lap had played on him. Just don't let it get you, he told himself: you have to expect some reaction.

Jack Clifford meant reaction to the shock of unexpected acquittal on a first degree murder charge. He was still numb, and in the newspaper he had been reading against him was the judge's words which he had heard only a few hours ago: "It is the opinion of this court that the jury's verdict constitutes a glaring miscarriage of justice."

But the hell with that. Here he was, free, brewing coffee in his own kitchen. After a yell from the gods, wouldn't it be something if he couldn't hold on to a little plain common sense? It was that grueling sort of the phone call a few minutes ago, he thought; that was what had avert him. A man's voice had said, "Please call Dorothy to the phone." And Jack Clifford had sleepily answered, "She's dead," before he realized there could be no one—no one who would call her. "You have the wrong number," he had said gruffly.

To what lengths would someone go who thought he should have

been corrected. He made a mental note to have the phone taken out tomorrow.

Gathering his courage, he turned his head and looked now at a pair of her shoes sitting beside a chair across the room. And he realized in relief, because, as far as he could judge, they were still in the same position and hadn't shifted at all, what an edge of nerves he had to think they had moved. Budget alligator, platform soles, with leather ankle strap, size 6-AAA. He knew every shoe she had, because Dorothy's beautiful feet had been a music with him; to her own embarrassment at his fond foolishness she had more shoes than an heiress' cloak room was full of them.

The chair rocks . . . Jack Clifford's scalp began to tingle in pleasure, as though an electric cord ran only through his hair. Even so it occurred to him to wonder what the alligator shoes were doing beside the kitchen chair, they moved and, as though a ghost walked in them unheeding, they disappeared into the living room.

He bent shivering and crouched in sheer terror. But that lasted only as long as the paroxysms which held him breathless. When finally, he cracked in a hungry sob of breath, he felt oddly, even sicker than before this had happened. He almost laughed, realizing that he had made a mistake in thinking he would be immune to the herbs of state, to the larceny of the three-week-old trial. Institutional! Well, why not? A natural aftermath. Go to a good doctor and get straightened out—that was the ticket: a psychiatrist who was used to those things. But, then, maybe he wouldn't need to, now that he had himself in hand.

The coffee had settled to the bottom of the glass vacuum-maker, and he poured himself a cup. It

was strong, and he cooled it with water from the tap and gulped it down. He would have to go into the living room, of course, and test himself again while he felt confident, he was in a hurry to get it over with.

He flipped the cigarette onto the fireplace and, on an impulse, moved to the kitchen door off the living room and opened the door to the coat closet. The closet door that visitors opened. Some vanity had made him insist, in the years when he still was vain about her, that the keep her shoes have minded of in the bedroom, closet where they should have been.

The music was loaded; call and kid and make-believe, music and torture and everything else that she-musics had dreamed up. Pumpys and wedges and sandals, sport shoes and slippers, open toe and closed toe with straps and strap buckles. They went bare, all of them. Except one pair, the alligator platform. Up the three steps he bounded, giddily light, his legs cold and drained and so feeling in him anywhere. From the hallway leading to the bathroom, the alligator shoes raced with horrible persistency toward him across the crimson carpet. While he stood frozen, they paused, huddling the step in thought. Strangle with his and weight, then turned and tripped smoothly back into the bathroom again.

Jack Clifford was halfway down the self-service clearing, still reassuring himself that everything was going to be all right, all he had to do was keep his head and be sensible, when the most chilling thought of the last hour occurred to him: he had left the lights on in the apartment because he didn't want to think of those shoes standing in the dark . . .

"Sara," he began, desperately from the telephone booth; "Sara, I've got to see you."

The girl's voice held pleasant surprise. "Well! I've been wondering when you would ever call up. Can you come over for a drink?"

Jack Clifford thought he would be needing just that, and more. The bonded Bourbon was heavy enough to stick to his ribs, and after the third belt of it he found himself smiling. His voice deepening any iota of taking seriously the story he was telling her. But Sara knew him and knew there was no answer in his kiss. She said thoughtfully, "I'd better do with you—though I've never been in that apartment with you except when Dorothy was there."

What she and Jack were to each other was agreed between them, a piece of guilt Sara lived with because she couldn't love without it. But part of the guilt was that she had known Dorothy for years and kept on visiting and being friendly even while making love to her husband.

All during the ride back to his apartment house, Jack Clifford held

her hand and was silent; for he was afraid he might tell her his greatest fear that the walking shoes were not an illusion.

Jack Clifford unlocked the door noiselessly, as though afraid that the shoes would hear Sara pressed his arm, and held it as they entered the living room.

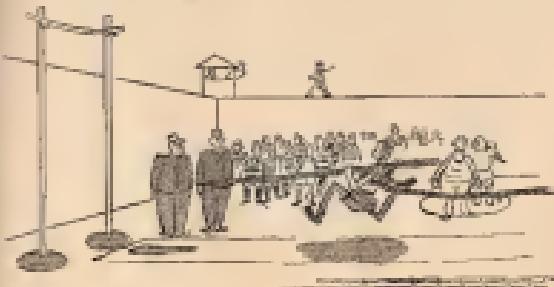
Then he saw one of them, the one peeping around an end of the sofa, and he motioned. With leisurely tread, the ravenous alligators crawled their pectoral toward their target.

With his eyes on the phantom shoes, crept on a date he had tried to escape but knew was coming, he pointed and managed a strengthless whisper. "There! Do you see them, too?"

At first she said nothing, and he was afraid to look at her. The shoes had stopped, four or five feet off. When he tore his eyes from them at last, he found Sara staring at him in horror. Pale with fear, she jerked back from him, striking his head from her arm.

"You—" he said. "You see it too, don't you?"

Sara's mouth worked, but at first



Robert Johnson

she didn't answer. Then the tears came, and hysterical words: "God—God help you, Jack!" Before he could stop her, she had run out of the apartment.

Instead of chasing her he glanced back at the stairs which advanced upon him and stopped not more than a foot from his own. He shuddered, but somehow he did not die of fright as he almost hoped to would. No ultimate horror could have been frightened with the notion of those eight steps of leather, shaped for the pretty feet which were gone.

"You must have read about the case in the papers," Jack Clifford told the psychiatrist.

"Something, yes. But I don't have much time for reading murder cases, and I didn't place the name right away."

Jack was sweating. "Can you help me? I wouldn't have come to you so late at night, but—just give me. I'm afraid to go home, and I'm afraid to go anywhere else, because that wouldn't do any good would it?" He had told the doctor everything, except the matter of Snow's behaviour.

Smiling, the doctor shook his head. "It wouldn't, my dear Mr. Clifford, away from a typical fits that—well, or whatever—would doubtless make it worse. Such hallucinations don't usually persist, though. There are some very queer angles to your case, Mr. Clifford, but they can be cleared up—don't worry about it. Hypnotism, perhaps?" He frowned thoughtfully. "I believe we might make progress if I would go with you to your apartment."

"Good! I was hoping you would, because I wouldn't dare go back alone—hypnotism is not." Jack Clifford's reaction was a mixture of relief and fear. And the fear was one

he didn't want to formulate even to himself. For what of the doctor who was going to help him solved the same way Snow had? What if Snow's reaction had not been occasioned by the suggestion he had planted in her mind by telling her the story in advance?

For some reason it was not the telephone, this time, but a pair of powder-blue, very bedroom-looking slippers. Size 4-AAA. And moving toward them from the half-way down as though run by invisible feet.

Jack Clifford saw them. He was afraid to ask the doctor, but the latter must have seen them because he looked in the same direction and then he lifted his eyes to Jack's.

"You do see them, then?" Jack whispered.

"Yes," said the doctor, in a burmouthing tone. "Now, be a good boy and go into the kitchen and sit down until I call you."

From the kitchen, Jack heard nothing and he was afraid to sneak a look. But nevertheless there were voices out there, soft.

The doctor said, "How long has he acted like this, Mrs. Clifford?"

The girl in the powder-blue ankles and dressing robe answered. "Two or three weeks. I was going to call a doctor myself. I think it started when he began following that terrible murder case that ended today, and trying to cover for every source of it. He wanders around and doesn't say a word, even when I speak to him. He—he acts so crazy, I'm beginning to get scared of him."

"Relatively," said the doctor warily. "A very queer case of established delusions. It might be some time before the change is over. I would suggest you pack some things right now, Mrs. Clifford, and get out. While you can," he added.

CARTOON CAVALCADE



"Oh, Jim . . . I should have you hold the umbrella more often!"



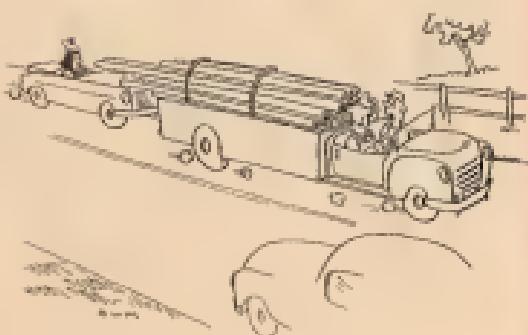
"Next . . . ?"



"I warned you about sitting in the sun without a hat."



"... And they wonder why we've got the highest crime rate of any town in the country!"



"For heaven's sake, Lee . . . watch the road!"

Death for an insult

The insults and the threats had been bad enough. And then there was the other insult. And Ellis was too good a boy to get away with it.

GUS SORENSEN

THE public bar of an hotel in Martinborough was alive with masculine conversation. The board of scrub-cutters and fresh-completed miners had drained their glasses and thumped the counter on the occasion of midday, with the gusto customary in 1948.

One of the scrub-cutters, named William Ellis, was enjoying himself until he heard a remark that

spun him around to face the man who uttered it. With eyes wild with anger, Ellis shouted: "What did you say?"

There was a nervous laugh. Then a cultured English voice said: "Calls himself Jack McKeown boy, when his right name is William Ellis. And you know why? Because he has been inside. Twice time."

Ellis stared belligerently at Leonard



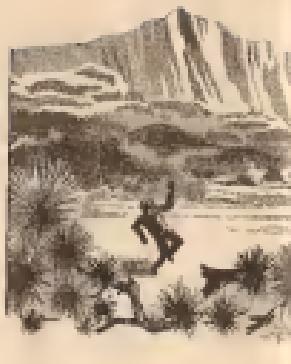
Collinson, his employer. He managed to control his normal, needle-sharp temper and advancing towards the bush contractor he said: "I'll get you for that Collinson. I'll get you as sure as I stand on this floor."

Collinson drew himself erect and waved Ellis off with a foppish gesture of his hand. Ellis, with a sword on his face left the bus. He wandered about in a raging mood. Sure, he had been in goal! That was past. Now he wanted to forget it. Collinson had been in goal also. And that was the only thing the two men had in common. Apart from that, they were vastly different in every way.

Collinson was the man of a politician and around thirty when he came from England to New Zealand some three years ago—in 1900. He was well educated, reserved, talked in a fluty clip-bood accent and addressed and looked at everyone with a haughty air. He was used to book and occasional work, but in New Zealand he worked for a while as a station hand on Te Awarua station and later on the same place as a bush contractor.

Ellis was the young side of Collinson. He was slim, had very bad of medium height. He looked an odd character with his jet black hair and full red beard. He had worked about the bush all his life and was talked about wherever he went on account of his remarkable accuracy with his rifle. In season and out—didnt matter to Ellis—he kept up his marksmanship by hunting stag.

Before working for Collinson Ellis had been scrub-cutting on a station called Glaston. When he handed in his notice, he said he intended to sweep the bush for the city for a change and other work. If William Ellis had carried out that



intention—instead of working for Collinson—the result about his position and a lower one on his character would not have brought about these consequences for both men.

Ellis certainly made a bad move when he went to the Te Awarua station. When the manager—making his usual rounds of the place—spotted him he wasn't too pleased. He used to the lone bushman;

"Thought you had enough of scrub-cutting. More like you are working here on the pretence of shooting stag."

Ellis took exception to the manager's remarks and snapped back: "I can please myself where I work. Besides, this isn't the only place where a man can find stag."

Then Collinson, who had been listening to the argument, said he agreed with the manager's opinion that Ellis had been stag shooting on Te Awarua. Ellis was sacked on the spot.

Ellis openly swore revenge on the man who had insulted and sacked him.

Ellis was forgotten on Te Awarua until a couple of months after his departure. A station hand found a portion of a sheep. The Te Awarua manager and Collinson suspected Ellis. They also agreed that he must be still around the station and had used the missing part of the animal for food.

Not long after that incident, a shepherd returned to his hut and noticed that his sheep jacket and a telescope were missing. Then a station hand named Jackson came home after work and found that his rifle had been stolen. But with that that, there was a note signed by J. McKenzie, saying that if he didn't return the rifle, he would pay for it.

Strangely enough, there was no official investigation. The culprit was not even seen. The winter passed. Summer came and William Ellis was once again forgotten. During that time, he stayed close to Te Awarua station living on what he shot and sleeping close to his fire.

In February 1904, Ellis was seen, camped by the Te Awarua River. Day by day, leaving behind a trail of dead flocks, he moved in closer to the station. Near the end of that same month he had reached the spot where his stag was working.

Up on the hillside, he had a perfect view of the valley. He watched Collinson and an employee named Ross working. Ellis followed his body on the flat bush. He saw Collinson indicate an order to Ross and Ross left him. Ellis seized his rifle, he squeezed the trigger, Collinson fell.

At the sound of the shot, Ross raced back to Collinson. But Collinson was dead. A .303 bullet had passed through his left lung and heart.

A search was made of the hillside. The only thing found was the indent in the flat where Ellis had lain. Although the official verdict (as Collinson's death was that he was shot by some person unknown) Ellis was suspected. Cob-

Kliss was his story; he had threatened him, he was man on the station property, and finally there was his deadly aim with a rifle. A warrant was issued for his arrest.

But Kliss was on the move. He travelled over the most-shattered terrain imaginable, climbed the rugged Montana mountains and hid in the Kootenay Range. The area from the Tschern to the Kootenay Range is a jungle. Doored around the surrounding countryside were sheep stations, settlers houses and their unbroken trails.

For months the police searched in vain. Kliss was carefully hidden. But by July, he was feeling the pinch. The freezing nights, his monotonous diet of game made him desperate and daring. He took a blanket, stripped off the hide and used it to line a hollow burnt-out tree for his camping spot. He made raids on traps and homesteads and helped himself to food and clothing.

The repetition of his raids finally came to the notice of the police. A constable and a guide went into the bush after him. Later, detective Broberg and a constable from Wellsville joined the two men.

They used as their base camp a hut at the foot of the Kootenay, about 15 miles from Kananaskis. There were still nights when the police and guides were miles from their camp. They slept by roaring fires. Occasionally, the party were fortunate enough to come across an abandoned hut in which to shelter other times they received hospitality from the isolated settlers.

Except for a few barrels cut down, trees of food and food wrappings, there was no sign of Kliss. Shattered in bush trails, he used a single-line type of wood when he made a fire and that's were fire trails and houses set among the hills which afforded him a good look at

the surrounding countryside. Through the heavy timbered country and about the rugged ranges, the search went on. It was now early in December, 1929. Then the search party noticed the remains of a recent fire. They decided to concentrate at the scrub in the vicinity. They found nothing.

It was on the afternoon of December 10, when the scrubby-clad and weary Broberg and his guide returned to the hut. They opened the door and saw William Kliss.

Ten months in the bush had given the fugitive the look of a wild man. His face and head was a forest of tangled hair. His teeth were broken and his clothing tattered and tattered. His eyebrows were bushy shelves and through drooping, blood-shot eyes he stared at the two men.

A revolver rested in a crude leather holster slung around his chest. There were three cartridge belts about his waist and in his hand was a heavy culture rifle.

There was a brief silence. Then Kliss swang up his rifle. Broberg and the guide moved in fast on top of him. There was a terrible scuffle, but Kliss was overpowered.

He was charged with the murder of Collister. Kliss did not deny the charge.

The party tramped to the nearest hamlet of a Mr. Hunt whose place had been raided by Kliss. On the way, Kliss, in a boastful and surly mood, told Broberg about the number of places he had broken into and gave a list of things he had stolen.

On December 11, the police and their prisoner re-acquainted themselves with civilization. At Wapiti, Kliss was formally charged and remanded to appear at Wellington.

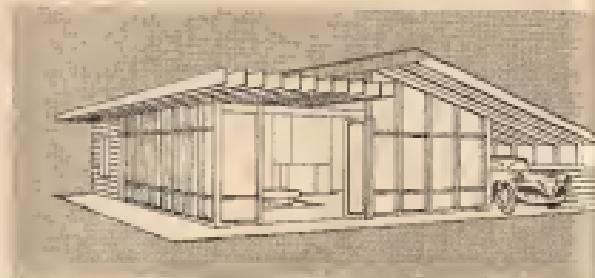
William Kliss went on trial for his life on February 1929. From the outset, the cards were stacked heavily against him. The Crown prosecutor selected home slaying evidence. All the points from that quarter fitted into a neat picture to prove a carefully planned and premeditated murder. The jury gave a verdict of guilty with a recommendation for mercy on the grounds that the prisoner had committed the crime under great provocation. Kliss was not shaken and had nothing to say when sentence of death was passed on him.

The recommendation for mercy failed and Kliss spent his last days unpestered and in a cheery frame of mind. The only complaint he had to make was that the noise of erecting the gallows was getting on his nerves. On the morning of his execution, February 26, 1929, he was in such a deep sleep that he had to be wakened. He walked to the gallows with a firm step. He paled slightly—but otherwise showed no emotion—while the final preparations were being made. Seconds later, William Kliss had paid the penalty for his vendetta.



"Well, now that that's settled, you'd better get on your feet and look for a job."

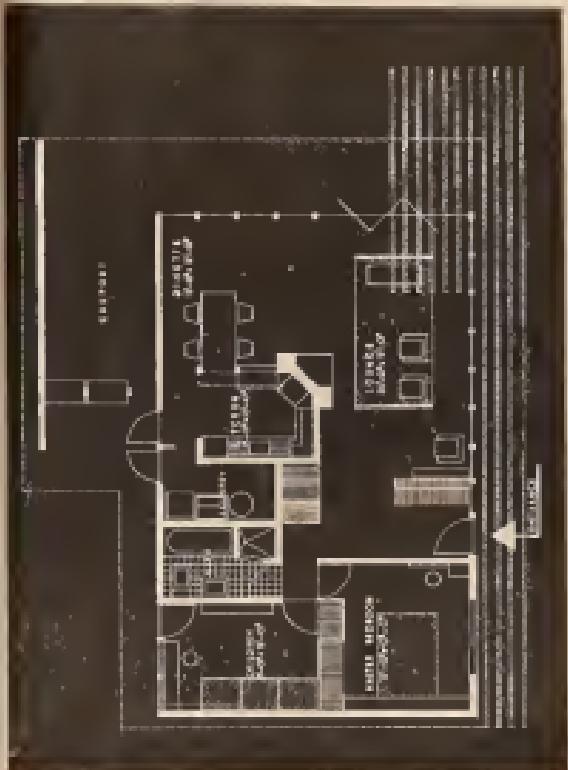
CAVALCADE HOME OF THE MONTH



No. 15 TWO-BEDROOMED By L. SOOS TIMBER-FRAMED HOUSE

THIS house is designed for a family with two small children. As the children grow the house can be extended by either a passage through the children's bedroom and building two additional bedrooms to it. The main entrance is separated from the living-room with a cupboard unit, with hanging shelves on one side and a bookshelf-bar on the other. Large living area is built around the fireplace, with director in one corner. Kitchen is separated from dining room by working-bench and shelves. Dining-table can be drawn into kitchen set and then pushed back again. Kitchen has access to laundry and to area behind cupboard, which is covered. Outside storage well is for garden tools. Both

bedrooms are placed in one group to provide complete privacy. Built-in cupboard between bedrooms serves both rooms. Children have two-level beds, the upper covering half of the lower one. Gabled roof overhangs, and timber lattice-work provides plenty of shade. Construction is timber frame, with hemmed boards on the outside fibrous plaster and plywood inside. There is no ceiling. The rafters are showing and supporting a 2-in. "Hercosit" sheathing, 2-in. x 1-in. purlins, and corrugated asbestos roof. This solution gives a much better insulation and a cheaper than the usual conservatory-style construction roof. The best portion of the house is to face the carpeted lounge north. The area of the house is 96 square.





BULL for LOWDEN



He could do nothing but stare at the speed
of horns about to dig holes through his body.

ROLAND BLACKFURN

If he moved, he would be killed.

If he raised an arm, those ugly
sharp weapons of death would
know perfectly where to go. If he
so much as turned his head it
would be the end of him. Jim
Lowden knew these things, and he
kept very still there on his chair
in the centre of the bull-ring under
the arc lights, while the crowd

looked on and howled insanely
for him to die.

The bull lowered. It last reared
in him and grifloged to the barrier,
where it butted at the solid wood
in mad stages. The thunders could be
heard above the thunders of the
crowd.

The bull came back. It trotted
up nearly to him and sniffed. He

could feel the hot breath on his face. The air from the bull's lungs bathed his hands, which were lying still but tense on the white suit covering his thighs. The bull backed a few yards, staring at him with pointed eyes. It knew that was a man, but the man did not move. That was mysterious to the bull, for bulls do not attack until they are confronted by movement.

The muscles in Jim Lowden's face twitched, but otherwise he remained as unmovable as a seated statue.

It was the wind that did it. Lowden had felt the breeze on the back of his neck the moment he entered the ring for his act in the comic bullring. It had worried him. Now it carried out its threat. It tilted up the sides of his vest and fanned them, waving them in the very face of his mortal enemy.

The bull saw the great bump of muscle on the top of its neck rise higher. From bloodshot, blazing eyes it glared at him. It snorted the yellow earth, throwing back showers of dirt and sending out in front a spray of dust when it snorted. Then, like an incoming locomotive, the huge black beast charged.

In that instant before the bull reached him Lowden felt more rage than fear. It had been a dirty trick from the start, this—the combination of his nerves of had broken ever since he left Mexico and come to Spain.

In Mexico he had been a full-fledged matador. He left a future there and came to what he hoped would be a better one in Spain. He wanted to become a master in the house of bullfighting. That ideal had been before him ever since, as a youth of 20, he had crossed into Mexico and conquered his first

small bull in an amateur fight.

But Spain did not recognize Mexican matador ratings. Here he had to go through the whole process again. The booking agent at the Valencia ring had made that quite clear to him. Lumpy Martinez, the fat pose over popping out of his trousers, was sceptical of his knowing anything about a corrida de toros. But then Fred was like that. He was not the Spaniards say, an amateur.

"Thank you, know bull?" he demanded of Jim Lowden.

"Sure I know them."

"Regular bull-tamer, eh?"

"That's me."

"Well, then, Sunday. You kill two bulls for 600 pesetas. If you can."

"I can. But I get 5000 in Mexico."

"Then in Spain, and we are poor."

Jim Lowden killed his bulls that Sunday afternoon. But he killed them badly. Nothing he did went right. Worse, ordinarily his expertise was graceful and exciting. Out of his first fight in Spain was awkward and unsure.

The reasons why Lowden made such a bad showing that day were pretty complex. He hadn't acclimated himself yet. Everything seemed strange and different. And the bulls were inferior. But the main reason was that two days before the corrida Silvano had entered his room in the hotel and made off with most of the money he had saved and all of his fighting equipment. They took his expensive costumes, his swords, his capa.

Lowden had to fight in a hired suit with hired capes and swords. The prospect of making a good showing in an amateur, ill-fitting uniform and with untried weapons was unenviable. The gaudily painted

had been natural. When it was over and he had paid for the use of the equipment and given the picadores and banderilleros their fees, Lowden had only enough money left for a few meals.

It was because he took one of those meals that he put himself in the position of never expecting another engagement at the Valencia ring. He had taken the trolley from the town down to Goya, the port of Valencia.

A hundred yards from the estacionamiento, in a dark, isolated section of the beach, the started scratch of a girl shot out of the silence.

In the gloom he could just make out a bulk of a man and the slim form of a girl.

Lowden reached out. His arm was like a flexible steel bar as it jerked the man away. The girl, breathing heavily, stood there, regarding him with wide, black eyes.

The man grunted and turned to face Lowden. He saw at once that it was Martinez, Fred. He clutched his shirt collar and was suddenly introduced to flesh and bone. Fred toppled. He hung for an instant at an improbable angle, then hit the beach with a thud.

After that Lowden didn't even consider approaching the Valencia ring for another engagement—especially when Fred was certain to know that he was seeing Juncos every day.

Lowden didn't try for another chance until he had taken too many meals at Juncos' house for the good of his self-respect. Then he felt he had to. Martinez, Fred might just possibly put aside the personal angle and reward his crew in a wholly official manner.

Fred didn't. His pop-eyed bull covered themselves with heavy lids when Lowden walked into his office

at the ball ring. Fred shouted "No," he said, "the bull-tamer again."

"Looks like we doesn't fit."

"All except the stomach. That we bigger just fine."

"It can be filled."

"Not here, torero."

He went to the door, but when he reached it Fred called after him.

"We're having a come fight next week."

"You can be Don Tenreiro at the next borrico fight. The job's open."

Fred was another man in the worst possible way known to people who make their living from the bull ring. Don Tenreiro was the name they gave to a man who, clad in a white suit and on a chair in the middle of the ring of comic "corridas". A small, usually harmless bull was let in, and of the man didn't move the animal would not touch him. If he made any movement the bull would attack. It was a job for a poor, a bull ring round-about, not a serious matador.

"Thank it over, bull-tamer. Don Tenreiro gets 100 pesetas."

The time came for Don Tenreiro. Lowden walked out, automatically at first, then with determination as some of the crowd recognized him and jeered. He went to the chair that had been placed in the very center of the ring, faced the runway. He sat down and waited.

A bugle sounded. Brown deer swung back. There was a clatter of hooves and a great dark shape darted out.

This was no small, mostly hornless bull that was used for Don Tenreiro. It was a full-sized, five-year-old fighting bull.

As the bull charged, Lowden leaped to his feet. The chair was in his hand. Instinctively he made the

movement of a pen. He wanted it.

Instantly the crowd whirled, came back. Lowden turned to one side again with the chair. But he didn't want to try it a third time. The bull was too smart for that. It had almost got him on the second charge.

He threw the chair at the bull to distract it. The bull crushed it into splinters with horns and hoofs. In the interval Lowden ripped off his coat. He jerked the garment from his shoulders and had it in his hands. Thank God it had a dark lining! The bull could see that.

He executed a series of passes that created a silence in the ring. He improved on them, then a media rescence that brought the crowd to its feet.

Calmly, unflinchingly, he went through his whole repertoire. It wasn't a limited set. When he held his shoulds over behind him to his left for the sacrocon, the most dangerous and difficult of all passes, the crowd said: "Ha, no!" As the bull bore down on him they screamed: "He's dead! He's dead!"

The left horn caught him on the leg, tore away a great strip of tissue, and then passed on. He tried it on the other side. Miraculously, it worked. But the bull charged directly at him, all but lifting him off the air.

Lowden knew the thing he had to do. He had to exhaust the bull, recompense the work of two horses and half a dozen men. He worked his grim appointed way to one side of the ring. There, in a series of quick, brilliant passes, he whipped him back and forth. To the right he went to the left. Finally, with a daring rincón, Lowden reached out, touched the tip of the bull's horns with his fingers, and then, turning his back

on him, walked away. The crowd screamed in delight.

But Lowden wasn't daunted. In the cool darkness of mind that had descended on him, he knew that what he had done to the bull was right. Now he wanted to show them something else.

Reaching over the barrier he took from the hands of one of the ringmen cleavers an asticote and molinete.

With proper lighting tools the crowd would expect another work.

He gave it to them. He did what he wanted with the bull. If it was attacked viciously, he replied serenely. Yet always in perfect form, with his feet together, his back arched, never moving from the spot he had chosen for his own. He worked close, seeking in his stomach to let the bull get by without hacking him. A couple of times his and the bull's bodies touched and in movement and the crowd murmured, "Gir' Olé!"

Straight over the right horn he went, and when he was there he plunged down deep, into success.

The ring seemed to be filled with waves upon waves of patterning white handkerchiefs instead of people. A poor ran out and when he tried to cut off the bull's ear, the crowd roared approval. He cut off the other ear and the crowd shrieked with delight. Men rushed into the ring as the ears were put into Lowden's hand. They lifted him on their shoulders and carried him in triumph through the ring.

Behind them, Matador Greg was being stoned too. Only the crowd had sensed what had happened, and he was being hospitalized. Lowden, Matador, not Don Toreydo, would fight in the Valencia fair again. He would fight in all the bull rings of Spain.

This man was the little girl. Operations changed his sex.
GRANT LAWRENCE

Can sex be changed



MAN becomes woman—woman becomes man—just a dubious story is it not possible? There are some astounding records in medical files and doctors consider a conservative "Yes."

The girl's name was Artesia and she was all right until she

was born. Then her voice broke. Urine ran out, not urine to urine parts—until a year later she started to grow a beard and had to begin shaving. That was afterward.

Artesia was an Indian then. She was seen by British doctors, who found that Artesia wasn't

really a girl at all and now has back to Germany, her native land. Then she underwent a surgical operation, the birth certificate was altered from Antonio to Anthony, and she is now alive—maybe the only man ever brought up in a convent.

On the other hand, Friedrich Meissel has twice experienced a change of sex. He was born in 1922 as a boy, but in 1933 was subjected to an operation which made him a girl; he was re-castigated, and doctors were satisfied that he deserved his name, Kristin.

Only a couple of years ago, Kristin working on a German farm, having men at their jobs, a girl who had a man's strength, who had to shave every second day. Finally the issue went to the doctor, had two sessions in hospital, and came back to the world as a man.

A puzzle. A few cases which have made notoriety in the press have made people wonder whether such a change of sex is possible. The answer is yes.

There is a laboratory researching into hormones in the British Midlands. It is staffed by men who really got a "sex"—they were threatened with a man change of sex because they were handling female hormone preparations which gradually penetrated their systems and commenced to bring about a change in their sexual feelings and outlook. Laboratory staff was blamed for over-dosing them with female hormones and an antidote, in some male hormone preparation, was administered to bring them back to normal A.I.P.s well that ends well, but the big point is that a simple factor like that can bring about the very change about which so many people are sceptical.

The fact is that hormones are

nature's tiny mysterious, they control the sex of the individual, and a change in hormone supply whether by injury to an internal gland, or by absorbing some hormone from surroundings, can affect the sex of the individual.

This is why men who suffer a loss of virility are not very often to be treated to restore their virility—male hormones are given to bring back masculinity.

Where people are born with hormone imbalance, various effects from effeminate in men to manlyness in women appear, and there comes the "Twilight Zone", people who are almost on the borderline of the opposite sex.

It is certain that in some of these cases, the physical factors of sex are indeterminants, and that the characteristics of the opposite sex are so pronounced that a surgeon can bring about what is called a sex change.

Such things have appeared in the past—without being publicized or documented. For instance, Anne Petersen was born in Denmark in 1912, and nobody doubted her sex. She grew up as a girl, became pregnant, was sick, and was thought to be suffering from a tumor. In 1939 she consulted Professor Knud Sand, in Copenhagen, and he told her that he could without doubt change her to a man—but if he did she would have to serve as a soldier. She postponed the operation, it was finally carried out in 1953, her name was changed to Arne, a typical Danish name. As Arne Petersen she had been the editor of *Pedersen Skriver*, but as a man, Arne Petersen found it hard to get a job.

Today Arne Petersen may wonder at the process of other sex-change cases, to him it is only a problem. He told the press that

when he was a woman the men at the railway station treated him and told him dirty stories, now, however, they treat him as a man, and are in that direction at least, it is more pleasant.

Sixty-year-old Faridah Nagati, of Iran, underwent a series of three operations in 1952 which changed her to a male. Under Anne Petersen, she had an urge to become a soldier. Since her transformation she has fulfilled her ambition and is now serving in the Iraqi army.

Faridah was a pseudo-hermaphrodite, with partial sexual organs of both sexes, the male being predominant.

In cases where predominant sex organs are male, usually there are no ovaries, nor womb.

Before doctors undertake sex-change operations, they must be sure which is the predominant sex.

Anne Petersen, born in Denmark in 1912 was born of a woman. In 1953 she underwent correction and became—



Where the doctors are doubtful, they must consider the patient's sexual characteristics, the choice of a sex by the patient and whether the patient was raised as a boy or a girl.

All these things are important because a reversal of sex can create a psychological upset which could result in suicides.

There were many cases of "sex change" before Christine Jorgenson, there have been a few since.

These cases are not isolated, they are not unreported, they are from the casebooks of doctors who know the patients.

Science has no doubts about the position, there are no doubts about it, it happens. But it happens infrequently, though more often than you'd think. The answer is that it is unusual, but perfectly true, that people can and do change their sex.

Anne Petersen is now. He is a copper as a man because he had sex changed to the male sex.



Beware PSYCHOPATH APPROACHING!



The psychopath is often very intelligent. But there are times when he throws off the cloak of wise advice and does the oddest things.

RAY DAVIS

THE peace of Sunday morning was suddenly shattered by a respected middle-aged businessman, who burst out of his house in his underwear and pointed on the lawn singing horrid songs.

He was well into a melody about an Eastern town when his wife rang for the police. Abruptly the impresario set flushed to the skin started in his dog-kennel, whipped off the pooch's collar, and trotted through the streets with the collar about his neck and the lead trailing. He added realism to his performances by barking.

Drunk? Far from it! Yet, though not in the generally accepted sense. Our businessman was suffering from a disorder which, as a eminent authority stated, is a hundred times more common than homosexuality. He was a psychopath.

Quite often brilliant men are psychopaths. Take the case of the distinguished scientist, authority on physics, doctor of philosophy, book-artist. Every now and again he'd have a few days off while he wriggled happily with a few bottles. Sometimes he drank himself into a coma, in other occasions he reported to the spa resort, and converted in trees, yelling threats of castration.

He forced academic life for a time,

finally drifted back to university life. Then he proceeded to fail in and out of jobs after job. Once his departmental head found him in a St. Bernard's kennel at a veterinary hospital, gleefully yelling that he'd been to the dogs at last.

It may be argued that "these seven dollars are real, anyway." Well, here's the case of a man who worked in advertising and as an insurance salesman. He was a charming fellow, though he had unpleasant habits, such as forgetting to pay bills, wearing other people's clothes, and thoughts of a rather more dubious nature.

He, too, drifted from job to job, usually causing himself out by a long-term drinking spree. When he was really down and out he would dash to the nearest women and find ready sympathy. The more sympathy he received, the more he drank.

Though he had been known to attempt to flirt with his friends' wives, he seemed to do this mainly out of a sense of crassness. But one thing was undoubtful—he had a wonderful power of enlisted female sympathy.

There you have two obvious psychopaths. Yet both had pleasing personalities and high intelligence, two characteristics of the psychopath.

Dr. Harvey Cleckley, Professor of Psychiatry and Neurology at the University of Georgia, has categorized a number of other signs. Though the general opinion among investigators is that the psychopath is mentally abnormal, he is unlikely to show the more obvious signs of disorder. For instance, he isn't likely to break off in mid-conversation and let you on the head with the remark that an "inner voice" had prompted him

to do it. He is quite different. The psychopath is just the type of fellow that an employer would appoint to a position of trust.

But it wouldn't be very long before the psychopath showed up as curiously amiable, even dishonest. One friend who took a job as minister, and soon showed that he had outstanding ability. But within a year he had lost the job and was deemed lucky to have escaped without a prison term.

At the beginning he was able to reach a high average by selling to his pastor friends. When that source began to dry up, he sold his wares at a loss, and finalized his books.

He showed no sense of shame for what he had done, despite the fact that he came from a highly reputable family. The psychopath doesn't show signs of true shame, though he may convince you of his plans for reformation.

Indulgence in crime is one of the marks of the psychopath, though it has been noticed that he or she will often take big risks for small returns.

Some psychopaths drink and some do not. Those who drink usually need only a few to trigger them off on frantic action. It has been remarked that psychopathic drinkers, unlike other types of alcoholics, seldom appear to enjoy their boozing.

According to leading authorities on the subject, the psychopath doesn't feel as deeply or as strongly as the normal person, though he is certainly capable of emotions such as hate, jealousy, envy, infatuation. Watched closely, it will mean that these things are something of an act, possibly tied in with the self-contradiction that is another sign of the psychopath.

It will be noticed with people

of this type, however, that they are inclined to be generous to people whose well-being would reflect credit on them. They would possibly help a poor relative if they could be sure that the whole neighbourhood would know about their generosity.

Generally, though, the psychopath shows nothing about the feelings of his friends. Usually, as we've stated, the psychopath is a thoroughly likable character who certainly attracts a lot of friends. They are likely to go to a lot of trouble to get their current friend out of trouble. He will exhibit the most exaggerated gratitude and... commit the same crime all over again!

He will be very ready to help the poor with a gift of twenty pounds, and then be quite unmoved when his family has to starve for a week because of his impulsive gifts.

Though both male and female psychopaths indulge freely in love they never seem to attach any significance to that aspect of life other than a mild pleasure. And there is a definite tendency to take part in abnormal love acts "just for the fun of it" rather than because of any deep-seated perversion.

Female psychopaths frequently involve themselves in devious situations with little apparent concern. There was the case of a very popular woman of about forty.

She was extremely prepossessing—a habit of life which had begun in her schooldays. Her parents sent her to a girls' school, from which they received excellent reports of her progress.

Several months passed before it was discovered that the girl had been foraging the traps. Her father went to see her, but found

that she had vanished from the school. She returned of her own volition the next week.

Nevertheless she appears incapable of remorse. She is a respected citizen in a community which knows nothing about her fairly frequent lapses. She has taught in Sunday school and has taken part in various charitable and social activities. But occasionally she'll go to some low dive and pick up a few boozing men. There seems little hope of curing her.

One of the symptoms of the psychopath is his tendency to drift through life rather than to work for a worthwhile goal.

A highly-intelligent person may have unreliable habits, but it would be foolish for the untrained person to label such a man or woman a psychopath. The degree of unreliability may be small and will not be necessarily indicative of a psychopathic state.

Can the psychopath be cured? Credible claims have been made, but leading authorities are very cautious in their statements. At present surgery work is greatly hampered by the fact that psychopathic patients are reluctant to stay in institutions long enough for gradual treatments to take effect. And doctors find it hard to hold a patient who looks in one eye as they do.

Shock therapy and certain brain operations have been tried with some reported success.

But medical authorities in Australia are hampered by the fact that the word "psychopath" is about as well known to the average citizen as the details of the theory of relativity. Yet it has been estimated that psychopaths in varying degrees cost many thousands of pounds in terms of inefficiency and malaise to other people.

Was Bonaparte a Ladies' Man?



The conqueror of Europe, the man who set the pattern for international politics in the 19th century, could command men—but he couldn't control women.

WHICH Napoleon Bonaparte was on the *Flight of Elba* he was at his best, before he had turned around his place, looking across the Mediterranean toward the song of France, muttered "France."

The "Emperor" knew he had to France had him to plan and execute an escape from the island. The men of his guard reached the mainland, and when he, as a refugee from justice, stepped up the beach from the depths that brought him ashore, he saw an angle of France he had never seen before.

Soldiers were lined there—each armed with a rifle; each rifle pointed at his heart.

Bonaparte behaved toward them, from each his greatest, stuck out his chest, and said, "Look! Would you shoot your emperor?"

The allies were toward, the men sheered, and Napoleon went on to Waterloo, his lands, a refugee under the wings of a single tree, and France turned him into a leader of men.

The most fabulous flight France ever planned was from the shore of Alcock, the capital on the island of Corse, as his mother was on her way to church.

At 21, a corporal, he was hurling himself into the sea left by the crumbling five-year-long French Revolution. He used the British Republic at the top. He led his country until the battle of Waterloo in 1815. He used his mother to honor his brothers to European thrones.

The legendary figure was indescribable. For years he slept for only four hours a night. Holidays did not go with military garrisoning when it is concerned with national leadership; the Emperor-General worked unceasingly, lived hard, and never lost a trick.

That is, he never lost a trick until it came to women.

His youth, his angular, Miller, soldierly habits of life, his distrust of every man he met, his own power made him a glorious figure.

Men told stories about the steady type, the magnetic personality. Women enlarged upon those stories. And the West Indian widow of Vicompte Beaumanoir, whom she met the young master of 20 at the house of a friend, fell madly in love with him.

She was the famous Josephine; is one of history's hypotheses that Napoleon fell madly in love with her.

Napoleon made the Creole girl the Empress of France in eight short years, and could not bear to be separated from her. During his campaigns he wrote to her daily and incessantly, pouring out his undying passion for her in the most eloquent phrases.

The wife who inspired this burning passion in the emperor was no innocent or youthful beauty. She was six years older than the emperor, and she had been married to the Vicompte, who was guillotined in 1794.

When in 1804, after sharing the throne with Napoleon for five years, Josephine was divorced from the Emperor, it was not because his love for her had waned. He made terms of his divorce that she was still to be known as the Empress, that she was to have the beautiful

islands of Martinique, and two million francs a year pension.

The only reason for his dissolving the marriage was that he could not have children by Josephine.

But history has remembered more than ever that Napoleon's wife had been able to have two children by her previous husband.

Napoleon married his second wife, the Austrian princess Marie Louise. The marriage ensured Bonaparte a welcome in the royal courts of Europe—and after a year it produced a son. The son was still in his cradle when he was proclaimed Emperor of Rome.

Historians have wondered whether whether Napoleon was, indeed, the father of Napoleon François Joseph Charles.

When Napoleon abdicated and went to Elba in 1814, Marie Louise did not accompany her husband to his exile. She returned to Vienna, and she took the young Napoleon François Joseph Charles with her. Historians have thought this strange, that the emperor who gave away his one true love for the sake of a son should let the son go so readily.

But there are other aspects. Back in Vienna, Marie Louise's son was made the Duke of Reichstadt. He was born because Napoleon had a driving desire to have a son who could become Napoleon III, and he was named for it. But he ended up with an Austrian name, Elba, and in 1820 he died in the castle of Schönbrunn.

So historians evolved an idea that never did gain great popularity, the idea that the baroness was not on the wife's side, but was part of Napoleon's own make-up, that he himself could not become a father.

Further, they have speculated as to whether Napoleon ever divorced



From grandeur to exile. Napoleon lived in this house of Elba. Two girls read about his rise and fall

and that he was incapable of being a parent.

There, at the Longwood home, he employed himself from 1815 until 1821 in refining his past, in creating the Napoleonic legend. He wrote endlessly of his activities and the ideals that inspired him. He wrote incessantly, pouring out ideas explaining his ideals of liberty, discussing the code of laws he drafted and gave to France,

But in all these years of creating the legend, he did not build up his son, the boy he had divorced Josephine to father. He did not follow a natural bent of mind and look forward to the day when Napoleon François Joseph Charles Bonaparte would be Napoleon III.

Why did he build up himself and his ideas and all that he did except the son?

He was madly consumed before his burial—and the maddest were erased. The precocious young corporal who had been born in the Ajaccio street, who had loved indomitably, who had suffered and governed an free heart sleep a night, who had conquered Europe, who had been unable to give Josephine her third child—had the sexual organs of a boy of five.

The man who changed history, the conqueror of Europe, in his death gave up the control of his life. His military energy, his supreme system, his indomitable desire for power and government, were explained by one word—frustration.

Frustration is often thought of as an emotion of a turbulence, and a menace to the individual. Sometimes it can be a driving force. It was with Napoleon Bonaparte.

WHAT HEREDITY



Fear of what the children may inherit is an unnecessary paper in most cases. But there's no concern about heredity itself.

gives YOUR CHILDREN

SPENCER LEEMING

SHE was a child of two, and she kicked her bed up a bit because she didn't like going to bed at bedtime. Her mother grabbed her by the wrist and pulled her out of the room.

Later her mother said, "We got to break her temper. She got it from her grandmother."

The unhappy part of it was that mother believed that grandmother's bad temper came out in the daughter. Of course you have your father's blues for women or your mother's craves for gin or something. Everybody knows how these things are inherited. Unfortunately, everybody is wrong about most of these things.

In this case, take grandma, whose bad temper had been inherited by the girl of two. Grandma's temper was pretty marvelous to get itself transmitted down the line. It only came into evidence when she was getting on in life and her children were growing up. Then she discovered that a tantrum now and again was used pathology. Her bad temper was turned on on that her growing children, who might have forgotten her, didn't have a chance to forget her on the raised one that after another.

Now take the child of two, she was playing happily, and the last thing she wanted was to be taken

to bed. Assuming the desire to stay up longer, she was grabbed by the wrist and dragged from the room. The fact that she protested wasn't bad temper; it was a natural desire not to be dragged around by the wrist when she wanted to play.

But the inherited bad temper was blamed. Puppyishly.

The idea that people inherit things like that is pretty deep-rooted, and the subject of many an argument. Particularly is this so where there has been a mental aberration in the family.

People talk about some past insanity and the fear of the children inheriting it. If anything is likely to drive them mad it is the fear of going mad. It will be without doubt that auto-suggestion, which can kill anybody, will be the answer.

A sweeping statement; one which calls for some qualification. And the qualification is this, that predisposition to mental illness can be a danger. Predisposition to mental illness does not have to be inherited. It can be part of the make-up of the individual and it can owe its origins to anything from bad habits to overwork or physical conditions injuring nerves or brain. Some predisposition to mental illness may be inherited; In-

directly, as for instance, in the case of venereal infection, the weakness may be passed on. But this is the inheritance of a physical condition which predisposes to a general weakness.

Whenever there is reason to think there is a predisposition to a particular ill, whether it is insanity or something else, it is just as well to take heed of the warning. And it is most important to any that, if there is a warning, and the warning is needed, a repetition of the past misdeeds in the family may be avoided.

But the tendency towards a weakness, or the fact of a weakness being present in a family, is no signal of danger.

The Hapsburgs were known as haemophiles — bleeders. The disease, which is a true of blood which will not coagulate, is serious, and is inherited. It became known as "the curse of the Hapsburg", and many Hapsburgs died from it. But a lot of Hapsburgs survived it, because knowing that often they bled the bleeding could not be stopped, they did things which would seem strange to normal people—but which helped them survive. They had a definite weakness which was definitely hereditary—but it didn't keep them from occupying royal positions in Europe for many centuries.

If the threat of a known inherited weakness can be held at bay by one family for centuries, it is fairly obvious that the smaller items of lesser consequence, by people living normal lives, cannot be as serious as one might think. Not everything depends on the frame of mind, but a great deal does.

The determination to study and control any inherit weakness is a very important aspect.

Following the predisposition, considering normal, healthy living, and taking early note of any symptoms that seem likely to occur, are all important factors.

This is especially so with fears of inherited insanity, where there is no physical weakness, and where a healthy mind may readily throw off unprofitable thoughts.

The brain itself is one of those organs about which a great deal is not known.

But the factors which combine to form what is called "mental stress" are known. War, anxiety, excitement, over-exertion, are all sources of a clear head.

Some fatalists point to the Mendelian theory, and say that it is all either heredity if the stock is bad. Again I say: "Nonsense."

Is or about the year 1860, an Austrian monk named Gregor Johann Mendel conducted some experiments in his monastic garden. He demonstrated with pea, and found that some characters passed on to progeny were dominant, and others recessive. This was found to be true in regard to other plants, and also in respect of animals, including human beings, especially so far as the colors of the eyes and hair and the inheritance of such disease as hemophilia are concerned. Hemophilia, by the way, is only transmitted through the female line.

Scientists pooh-poohed this Mendelian theory until 1900, when it received general recognition. Simply, the theory is that all the qualities of both parents are passed on to their offspring, but that some are dominant and obvious, others recessive, which do not appear in the offspring lifetime.

Mendel went still further. He maintained that in the following generation the original characteris-

tics might well be reversed, that is to say, those dominant in the parent might become recessive, and then resurface, dominant, but that all the characteristics were handed down, nevertheless.

The compilation and study of many pedagogical "treas" during the earlier part of my professional career convinced me that this was true—but only up to a point.

I found mixtures of good and bad stock. The bad stock往往 cut, by early death or in a mortal home the good went on and, mostly, did well.

If you analyze yourself you will note your strength and your weakness. Heredity and/or environment will have justified those factors. Do you want to be the weakness until you conquer them?

It does not follow that children inherit their parent's vocational tastes. Very often it is just the opposite.

Heredity plays only a sporadic part in sports. Now and then a father and son excel—the Hardstalls and Tates in English cricket, the Batters in Australian boxing

but far more often than not a father's brilliance at sport is not reflected in his son or sons.

It is only in the rarest cases that genius is inherited. But a taste for a certain thing is frequently inherited.

As far as facial looks are concerned, heredity does play a part. It is true that some physical diseases can be and are transmitted. A tubercular parent does not necessarily have tubercular children.

Working for nearly forty years in the mental health service gave me access to many thousands of sick people and their case histories. On the whole I found that the families were the more important and critical parent, from the point of view of heredity.

In this regard, one case in particular occurs to me. A severely defective young man married a fine, healthy girl. They had three or four children who were healthy, with no signs of any mental or physical abnormality.

Cancer is not necessarily a transmitted disease, as is believed.

Shortly after World War I, a

No one dies of multiple sclerosis, or Parkinson's Disease, despite popular belief to the contrary, says Dr. A. M. Robson, New York University neurologist. He reports on a group of 73 patients who had been seen to associations with Parkinson's Disease. Some had been in institutions for as long as 20 years. Each of the 73 died of some other cause. Dr. Robson advocates actively for victims of the disease. Like water, which contains only of moisture, so the patient with Parkinson's Disease becomes rigid only when inactive. Parkinson's Disease is characterized by rigidity of the muscles, rhythmic tremors, loss of automatic movements and a masked facial expression. It comes on usually in the fifties and sixties. Symptoms include lack of muscle co-ordination, weakness and jerking movements of legs and arms. The belief that Parkinson's disease is a killer should be corrected because it leads to an unnecessary feeling of helplessness in a large group of patients who could live fairly well-adjusted lives if their morale were maintained.

ROGER married ex-Serviceman sought to take out a policy on his own life. The usual medical form had to be filled in, as a preliminary to the medical examination.

The completed form showed a bad history of cancer, on both the maternal and paternal sides...

The application was rejected, primarily on these grounds. Yet he is alive and well, thirty-five years later.

That man was myself.

If your father or grandfather died in a mental hospital, don't let it peer at your mind. It is possible to be quickly aware of such a threat, but not to let it intrude or obsess.

Go ahead happily, pleasantly, but with a quiet determination to execute rigid self-control throughout your life. Will-power is the finest and strongest armour against

trouble and disease of all kinds.

Further benefits of a life-control kind will be obtained as the result of a good, clean life, directed by transmitting powers of self-control. Your children, also, will have a better chance of health and happiness—provided that your marriage partner is strong and healthy.

That gives point to another bit of advice—though it will be in vain. It is important to choose a wife wisely.

You can wash up her risks of health, in body and mind. From a genetic point of view it really is a vital and critical item.

But things don't work that way where love affairs are concerned. It is blind to short-sightedness.

In such circumstances one can only hope for the best.



"I bought you a beautiful blue tie and a coat for myself to match."

pointers to better health

MIGRAINE RELIEF

The anti-nausea drug, dramamine, often relieves migraine, doctors have discovered. The dramamine is injected, rather than given orally. Relief comes on an average of four minutes when the drug was injected into a vein and 12 minutes when given by way of the muscle. Dramamine is non-toxic, non-habit forming and inexpensive.

BREAST CANCER PAIN

Women with advanced breast cancer who cannot be helped by any kind of treatment, may benefit by the removal of the pituitary gland, according to latest findings. In tests, two out of five patients had shown improvement. All of the five cases had previously been doomed to early death. All previously had their ovaries and adrenal glands removed and had received other forms of treatment. The pituitary gland, known as the "master gland", is a small oval body located in the centre of the brain, just beneath the brain. When the pituitary gland is removed, the patient's hormone balance is maintained by—giving—hormones, --

thyroid hormone and pitressin, a pituitary hormone.

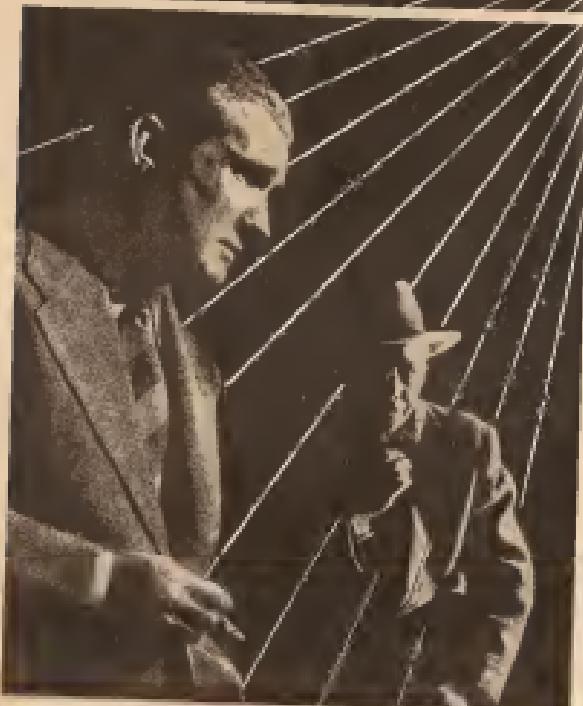
BABIES

The occurrence of serious haemorrhages in newborn babies can be reduced almost 25 per cent by giving the mothers vitamin K before delivery, report two Czech doctors in the journal, "Post-graduate Medicine". The bleeding, when it occurs in newborn infants, usually comes between the second and fourth day after birth.

PYORRHEA PREVENTION

Tooth bone destroyed by pyorrhea has been successfully removed in laboratory animals by administering sex hormones, reports Dr. I. Gluckman, of the Davis College Dental School. Pyorrhea is responsible for loss of more teeth than any other cause. Tooth bones lose, and if not treated, begin to lose supporting bone. Doctor Gluckman produced the disease in 100 laboratory animals by dentist that. Fifty of the animals received certain sex hormones. Not only was their loss of teeth halted, but new bone began to grow in place of the bone destroyed. The findings have not yet been applied to humans.

Why Men Lose



Virility

Because you cannot indulge in marital relations as often as another man, it does not mean you are losing your virility. But there are many reasons for a man becoming impotent.

THIS eminent Kinsey was vigorously attacked because his report on the sexual behaviour of the human female constituted a gigantic slander against women.

A lot of people, from editors of "Punch" and "The New Yorker" to Yarmouth Bank clerks, have slandered women. They have slandered mother-in-law to get a laugh they have slandered stand-over wives to get a laugh; they have lectured religiously on the female as a temptation, slightly not fit for laughs, but as a warning to young men.

But Kinsey was something different. The broussardes are allowed much the same license as poets—and when they jest about mother-in-law, every mother-in-law in the world congratulates herself by saying "Oh, it's only a joke, of course he doesn't mean it." And when somebody lectures young men about the tempting female, the shrug is accompanied by the dismissive "You, he's a nut." Kinsey, however, is in another class; he's a scientist and in this day and age we still take scientists seriously.

Kinsey's "scientist" contributed the production of some figures. Below

we look at them, let us admit that he may have exaggerated his claim. Maybe he was only surveying "the American female"; maybe when he said "turnen tanzen" he was applying findings from American researches to women of other countries, which isn't fair, of course.

Even if he was only talking of American females, he produced some bare-balloon. For instance, that women between forty and fifty have a particularly high rate of infidelity. For another instance, that there is more infidelity among married females than among single females. For yet another instance, that once a married female has broken the barriers of fidelity she tends to become more and more unfaithful.

Yes, Kinsey said that married women weren't immune to an occasional adventure, so long as it did not endanger their home and marriage. He said that once they had enjoyed the experience, they'd go back for more and more, each time circumstances gave them the opportunity. In effect, he said that once married had opened a woman's eyes to the facts of sex, she

would think more of her personal satisfaction than of marriage as a source of sex satisfaction.

Is that a classic on women? Or on men?

Belousov is Krasny are getting along, but he is the only authority who has tried to analyse the situation authoritatively. The feelings are our only yardstick for many kinds of facts. The picture he draws is that women go outside marriage for their sexual experiences because their husbands are inadequate.

As this writer has said, he strongly studied the "American" rather than the "Russian" female, and what he has to say may apply more in America than in other countries.

But there is one reason for Australians taking his findings seriously. Recently a research element told this writer that a number of young men sought the artificial aids of sterilization.

It is necessary, for a start, to divide the hormone seekers into two groups—not age groups, but the people who need them, and the people who do not.

Undoubtedly, a lot of people go seeking stimulants who actually have no need of them.

In regard to sterility, as in any other sphere of life and activity, men differ. There is nothing that could be called a "norm", and if it were possible to strike an average it wouldn't mean much, since an average sums up the position for a whole group, but is not necessarily true of any individual.

There is plenty of evidence that a lot of men expect too much of themselves in respect to their virility. And if Krasny is to be believed, there is evidence that a lot of wives expect the much of their husbands.

After all, these men a day are

accepted as not only enough, but plenty. There are people who eat five, and people who don't eat any, and both of them usually finish up with health problems. The accepted healthy norm is three meals a day.

But, owing to the relevant attitude adopted in this and other countries, there is no accepted norm in respect to sterility. Nor has medical science devised any way of setting out what is "natural", because of the different requirements of various physical constitutions.

The problem which faces any man of natural sterility is to know the limits of his sterility, and not exceed them, either by overrating false ideas of himself, or trying to meet the false expectations of other people.

This class of individual must be distinguished from the other people who actually do experience, early in life, a waning of their masculine powers.

It is a favourite pastime with some people to wonder at what age sexual sterility commences to wane. In that field again, one can find an average, but not a norm. There are authenticated cases of people who, at the age of eighty and over, have become parents—almost exclusively the parent at this age is a man, for it is recognized that though women pass the age of fertility in the middle life, some men remain able to become fathers until they die at a very old age.

Why is it that some men can become parents at eighty when others experience a waning of their powers in the thirties?

Unless the waning power is due to actual physical ill-health, or to glandular deficiency, there is no reason for it, and no reason why it should not be adjusted. It is a fact that the majority of men who

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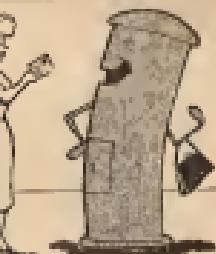


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The effects, the cushion posture, the active part is generally more virile than the other worker. to take the case from there. There are recorded cases of men who have temporarily lost their virility because of some toxic or poisonous content of their blood-streams which has affected the organs of their bodies. There are recorded cases where diseased teeth have suddenly possessed the body so that it has lost its virility in various respects, including its sexual potency.

There are well-defined causes for the abnormal situation of early impotence and nearly all of them are linked in some way with abnormal living. The causes fall into two classes—physical and psychological.

Of course the effects are always physical—but in, they show themselves in the inability to complete a physical act. But the reasons can come from the mind rather than from the body.

Of physical reasons, the most natural, and the first to be looked for, is actual physical ill-health, and for this reason the first step in dealing with loss of virility should be to consult a doctor who will be able

to record the case where one of many physical upsets to the body have altered the excretion of the glands, thus lowering the hormone content of the body, and leading to a loss of sexual virility.

Some diseases lead to lesser sexual powers—others tend to stimulate them. The late Alexander Wedderburn had all the traits of effeminity, he was high-voiced, querulous, and podgy. The reason was that in his youth he contracted syphilis, and the rumps were badly treated and led to arrested de-

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development of some of his glands. The result was that he did not develop his full reproductive powers, and though he lived a full and busy life and made a big name for himself as a writer and broadcaster, his relations with women were permanently impaired by the damage of his youth.

On the other hand, sufferers from tuberculosis are said to experience an increase in sexual vigour, although the body, knowing its days to be numbered, tries to assert itself by intensifying its creative powers while it is still alive.

The ramifications of this aspect of visibility are tremendous, highly specialised, and far beyond my discussion. They are the first to look for in trying to probe the problem of importance—and as they demand exact physical data and quantitative results, my recommendations, by means of which I hope to assist you, will be limited to this.

Psychological causes of the loss of virility are as specialised, and if the cause of any case is psychological, the medicine will put his finger on it very soon. Once examination and tests have shown that the body is in health, and there is no physical or disease cause of the condition, the medicine will turn to the mental cause.

Some of these mental aspects, especially in younger people, may call for psychiatric treatment. Many such cases have been listed by authors who have researched the subject.

One case dealt with a man whose father had strictly enforced the idea that women were a weakness. Undoubtedly the fatherly cautions to the teenage youth had been well intended. Undoubtedly the father believed that he was frightening his son out of slight liaison with prepossessing females.

But the son did not understand it that way. Of course anti-social



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view, he had an over-romantic idea of his attitude to women, married a woman, and discovered that he was completely unable to be a lover. To the psychiatrist he confided that he had regarded the sexual act with fear for many years. The psychiatrist told him immediately that this was the reason he was unable to satisfy his wife. His whole outlook towards marriage was that sex was an unfortunate necessity—but certainly should not offer happiness or gratification to either party.

The outlook was improved in the young man; but psychological treatment was able to correct the attitude and turn him, over a period of time, into a successful and much happier husband.

Another recorded case fell into almost the same category, but the wrong idea was given to the man not by his father, but by a young woman of loose morals with whom he had an early association. She was so brazen and unashamed that she aroused in this inexperienced boy a feeling of revulsion. The feeling of revulsion turned him against his own mother, his sisters, and women in general so that, in later life, it was only with the greatest difficulty he was able to associate with women. He never danced because of the contact it gave him with women—and the only reason he sought medical aid was that he was so out of things that he went to a doctor complaining that "something must be wrong" with him, since he was not interested in women as other men were. His first tests were for physical deficiency; then he became recognized as a psychiatrist case, and the true story came out. He was successfully treated.

Typical of the hidden causes from the past is the case which showed

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that a son had been turned off women by the attitude of his mother. His parents weren't happy together, quarrelled continually, and the quarrel was always made up when the father gave his wife money, or a present. The son jumped to the conclusion (and probably rightly) that his mother started gradually so that she could manipulate father into giving. And his own attitude towards women became that he would never fall into that position.

He married—and after marriage discovered that he always approached his wife with suspicion. He discovered that he had married her mainly because he wanted a home and a wife as a social status; she was affectionate. He was cold and aloof as a result of his suspicion.

When the suspicions were removed the marriage was saved and he became a happy man.

But the trouble with these cases is that the cause of lack of virility is buried deep in the past—and of nothing is done about it, the whole of life is ruined for both parties. And even though the cause is not known, and even though wrong ideas are held by both husband and wife, both know that something is wrong, both feel unhappy about the position, and both become frustrated, irritable, bad-tempered, and querulous. As is natural in the circumstances, each blames the other.

Like medical reasons, psychological reasons are deeper; and like

medical reasons, psychological reasons have to be dealt with by experts. The result of following my advice in these psychological situations, can be really disastrous. The annals of crime are full of frustrated persons which has led to all types of violent crime.

There is a more easily recognisable type of psychological cause for infidelity, impotence, or loss of virility. It is in the case of the individual whose life has been badly lived.

YOUTHFUL dairymaids provide many examples. The famous Father Flanagan, who started Boys Town in the U.S.A., set out to follow a dictum—"There is no such thing as a bad boy." But there are thousands boys who have had the opportunity for women doted, and many have taken it. In ordinary things like robbing an orchard or letting the air out of a tyre, the wrong-doing may be classed as a "peccadille", and once or twice as the intent. It becomes something which, though wrong, is in the nature of a youthful jolt.

But there is a class of prank which has more damaging and lasting effects, and into that class comes the "pettiness" of some young people. Everybody is prepared to make suddenly because the tom-tom will have arm in arm, or to make a girl because a boy kissed her goodnight. But there are times when the boy and girl prolong their kissing and physical contact through what has become

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used to be, is entitled to ask himself whether his job is affecting his love life, and in this case out of ten he is entitled to answer yes.

The entire sexual mechanism is linked with the nervous system in a most intricate way. It is linked through nerves and brain and various sense. It operates like an electrical circuit.

The sight of a certain type of situation may stimulate sexual desire in a man—the sight of a lovely woman, say. The optical nerves transfer the sight to the sexual signal box in the brain, which relays the message to the sexual organs. The effect is on the sexual glands, on the blood pressure, and on other parts of the body. The whole body becomes predisposed for the love act.

But if the nerves are fatigued and tired, the signalling process is apt to become interferred with. Or if the brain is busy, the signal is apt to get held up at the signal box. Or if the glands of the body have been working hard, supplying energy for other things, the brain may signal that the body lacks the energy to follow through with the love act.

There is a physical basis for this kind of impotence—the direct influence of over-tiring the body in other ways. A man who has tired himself playing football cannot turn around fresh for a set of tennis, and expect to be fresh for it because it is a different sport. His body has used up its energy quota, and no amount of difference in his

postures can make his body fresh until it is rested.

In just the same way, the man who has tired himself out doing his daily job, cannot swing around and find himself fresh and vigorous for love. It is perhaps better recognized that a man who has exhausted himself in love cannot turn fresh for a different kind of job.

The important point is that constant strain and worry are a major cause of early impotence.

At least, in view of what has been said about the linkage of the body's various organs to prepare for sexual activity, it should be appreciated that the mind must be free.

A man told the present writer that at one period, when he was worried with a serious financial problem, he lost all interest in the opposite sex. When the problem was solved, his interest returned.

There is a parallel recorded case of a woman who informed she was suffering from a disease. Constantly she found herself too tired for sexual activity. When she was assured that she had no such disease, her interest in her love life revived.

The mind is very versatile, but it can be easily dominated by one-persuasion thought. A fear, an anxiety, a worry, can take over and pretty well control the mind.

And at times of fear, anxiety or worry, the mind finds itself too busy to do justice to the demands of sexual activity.

The man who is incompetent in

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President of your local club has agreed to speak at your club meeting. He will tell the story of his own personal experience, and the personal experiences of other members of the club, and the results of their efforts to give up drink. This meeting will be held at 8 p.m. on the 20th of May, 1959. Please telephone your local club for details. Your local club is listed in the telephone book under 'Alcoholics Anonymous'.

Alcoholics Anonymous
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ing glands within the body.

So there it is. Why do men lose virility? First, they have to be sure that they are losing it; second, they have to look first to the physical possible causes; thirdly, they have to look to predispositions from early life, deep hidden in the mind. Fourthly, they have to look for the stress and strain and maladjustment in their daily lives; and fifthly, the best way to protect a virile and vigorous approach is sexual behaviour is to keep balanced health in other directions.

This survey started out with Kinsley's view about women seeking extra-marital experience when they could easily do so. The reason for their behaviour was that their husbands lacked virility.

A healthy and virile husband who leaves his wife behind long enough to be compatible with his wife, will have little need to worry about his wife's behaviour.

Men assert their rights to a satisfactory sexual life—until they begin to lose virility. But if they are unable to provide a satisfactory love for their wives, they are afraid to the wrong look elsewhere for their satisfaction.

There may be all the arguments in the world against women being undependable—but there are all the arguments in the world in favour of husbands being unsatisfactory, not only as breadwinners, but as companions, conversationalists, home providers, and lovers too.

The safest way to preserve the faithfulness and integrity of any home is to play the part—completely. And that means, maintain virility so that the wife will not have any reason to feel aggravated and irritated. That way both husband and wife will enjoy to the full the normal life they are intended to pursue.

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UICK UIPS

According to those who trace the origin of *Uicks*, *Uicks* began in the sevenies days. A crook found that *Uick* helped to seal him on a hot day and he made the discovery that he could get *Uick* by helping his neighbour's *Uick*. Then he discovered that it could be much more interesting if the neighbour was a member of the opposite sex. Then everybody forgot about *Uick*.

Ever since then *Uicks* has got people into trouble. From the time a boy gets into his middle teens he starts to think about *Uicks*, then, as he gets older he knows more girls. Some remain sensible by staying bachelors. They have the philosophy, "Why buy a book when you can get a library". A bachelor is a man who gets all the cooking without the filling.

But very few men go through life without being caught. Then they get the filling as well as the cooking, and, as time wears on, they get the filling without the cooking.

Of course, in the early stages of married life, it is wonderful, but usually a man has to sell something in order to keep his wife clothed. Like one fellow in the newspaper the other day, The ad read: "For sale, twin beds one hardly used."

Then the children begin to arrive and the man works at home as well as at the office. As the kids grow, so a man has to buy more clothes for them. The kids questions start from the time they learn to talk—and you know they are growing up when they start asking questions that have answers.

Kids can be very embarrassing at times. One day we had visitors and the kid was told to be on his best behavior. He was, too. But he made a drama out of the dinner table. He spit out a mouthful of hot food, then looked at us all in turn. Calmly he observed, "I know some fools who would have swallowed that."

The neighbour's small boy was standing near a broken shop window and a policeman came up. Sternly he asked the kid how he had broken the window, and you know what the kid told him! He said "I was cleaning my catapult and it went off."

The kids finally reach their teens and the whole vicious cycle follows—laundry, courtship, marriage kids . . . The strange part about it is that the family never thinks that the daughter married as well as the should. And the neighbours always marvel that she married as well as the dad. Oh, well, that's life.

It wouldn't be a picnic without a basket . . .



and, of course, an

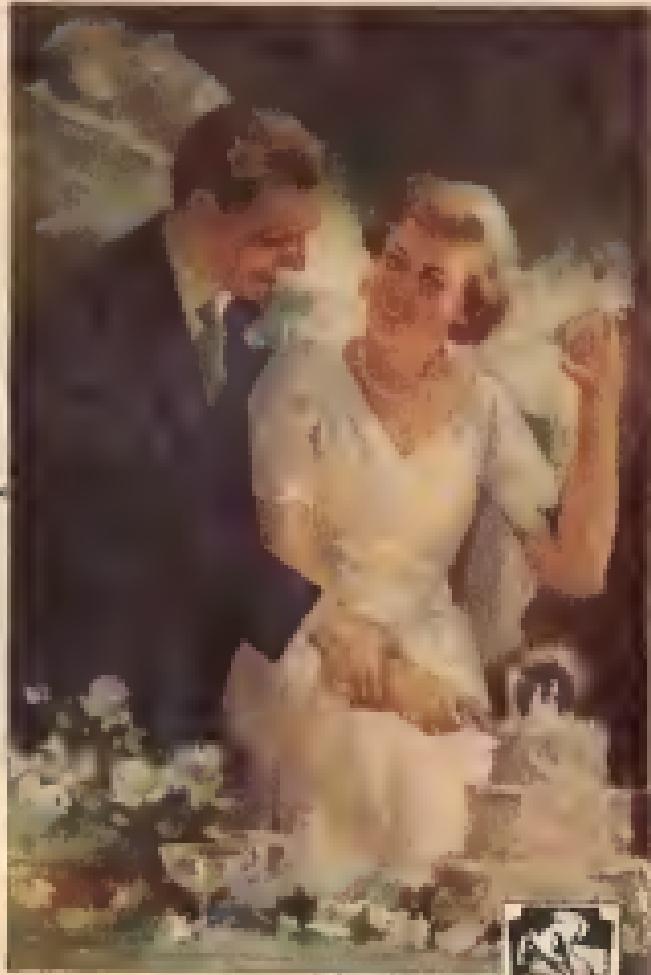
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